

The London Quarterly and Holborn Review

OCTOBER, 1942

THE SOCIAL APPLICATION OF THE GOSPEL ETHIC

DID Jesus Christ intend or expect that the moral principles which He enunciated should be systematically applied for the regeneration and development both of national and of international life? Certainly, if He accepted the general standpoint and outlook of the great prophets of His nation. For to the prophets of Israel iniquity and repentance and restoration and glorification were envisaged for the most part collectively. As Walter Rauschenbusch remarked, 'The prophets were not religious individualists. During the classical times of prophetism they always dealt with Israel and Judah as organic totalities. They conceived of their people as a gigantic personality which sinned as one and ought to repent as one. When they speak of their nation as a virgin, as a city, as a vine, they are attempting by these figures of speech to express this organic and corporate social life' (*Christianity and the Social Crisis*, p. 8). 'To the prophets of Israel the moral unit was the nation, rather than the individual man or woman', to quote my own book, *The Theory of Christ's Ethics*. Thus Hosea: 'When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt.' Similarly Isaiah: 'Thou shalt be called, The city of righteousness, the faithful city.' So also Zechariah: 'And it shall come to pass, that as ye were a curse among the nations, O house of Judah, and house of Israel; so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing.' This collective moral conception is written large over their recorded utterances. Furthermore it is applied to the other peoples of the earth, as in Jeremiah: 'They shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord; and all the nations shall be gathered unto it'; and in Haggai: 'The desire of all nations shall come.' Consequently, as in the prophecy which we find both in Isaiah and in Micah, 'Out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people ['strong nations afar off', Micah]; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares'. Micah adds, rather surprisingly, 'All people will walk in the name of his god, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God', as if to say that universal peace would precede the universal religion.

We should expect that Jesus, standing in the line of the prophets, as He professed to do, would have held this social idealism, both national and international, though He also declared, far more clearly and movingly than any of the prophets, God's intimate concern and care for individual personalities. Indeed, on two particular occasions He made it plain that He did hold this idealistic hope for both Israel and all the heathen nations. First, in His sermon at Nazareth, after reading from a utopian passage in the book of Isaiah (actually

Trito-Isaiah, dated as fairly early post-exilic) concerning, among other things, the emancipation of slaves and the ending of oppression, He declared, 'To-day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears', apparently holding out the prospect of an immediate fulfilment of the prophet's vision. His audience were naturally delighted, since they regarded themselves as among the enslaved and oppressed. They listened enraptured and spell-bound, until Jesus, by means of a couple of anecdotes from the Hebrew scriptures, very delicately reminded them that the Israelites did not always have the first preference in Heaven's regard. Then their admiration gave way to fury, and they hounded Him out, some perhaps reflecting that the very passage read was followed by a prediction that Gentiles would one day work for the benefit of Israelites.

Secondly, in His lamentation over Jerusalem, because she did not know 'the things which belonged unto her peace', and His subsequent dramatic impersonation of the King riding into Jerusalem upon an ass, prepared to 'cut off the chariot from Ephraim, and the war-horse from Jerusalem', and also the battle-bow, and to 'speak peace unto the heathen', He proclaimed His endorsement of the prophetic ideal of disarmament and international friendship. The words in a previous lament, 'How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not!', suggest that He had hoped and perhaps actually attempted to influence the national policy, but had been rebuffed. Yet it was a hope, not abandoned, but deferred.

On what had He counted? What were the conditions for which He looked and which He had found lacking? It has occurred to many to premise that social and international righteousness and well-being require, if not a universal, at least a fairly general, conversion. When a preponderant majority of individuals have become genuinely Christian, then and not till then, it has been maintained, will there be collective peace and good will. In a manner, I should agree; but if by this it is implied that the Church should abandon all efforts to improve the world and devote herself exclusively to saving souls and training them when saved, I think it is a mistaken inference. For when Jesus tried at Nazareth to arouse popular enthusiasm for universal liberty and justice, and when He planned a peaceful direction of the national aspirations, He certainly did not require belief in His Divinity in the full sense, and hardly even in His claim to be the Messiah of prophetic expectation, since He told His intimate disciples to tell no one of this; nor, indeed, was He immediately calling men to the new spiritual life in contact with Himself, implied by the sayings, 'Ye must be born again', and 'Abide in Me, and I in you'. Rather was He appealing to a people for many generations schooled in the Law and the Prophets that they should grasp and implement that fulfilment of the Law and the Prophets for which the time was ripe, being Himself the Lawgiver and Prophet sent by God to carry forward another stage the previously revealed commandments and ideals. The response was so poor because the earlier lessons had been so little laid to heart and there had been a forgetting and a decline. The relation of the Christian creed and the life in Christ to the Christian remaking of society will become clearer as we proceed.

And surely this agrees with history and with present-day experience. Men in all ages have shown themselves in times of peril capable of amazing devotion

and courage and endurance and self-sacrifice on behalf of country and home and liberty and faith, especially when rallied and led by outstanding personalities, as, for instance, the Jews by Judas Maccabaeus — men on what we may call a sub-spiritual level and whose lives ordinarily displayed but mediocre virtue. And have we not witnessed recently and are we not witnessing now magnificent heroism in very ordinary folk, men and women and children, in the midst of destruction rained down from above, the risking and giving up of life for neighbours and strangers, despite the prevalent materialism and religious apathy? When therefore our Lord attempted, as He appears to have done, to rally His countrymen to pursue the ideals of social and international righteousness, He was banking, not on the spirituality that ensues upon the new birth in Himself, since that had yet to come, but on men's latent capacity for devotion to great causes at the behest of inspiring leadership, such leadership as He was competent to offer. But He found to His chagrin they were deficient even in this human quality.

But why, many have asked, did He not at least state definitely that His principles of conduct were to be socially as well as individually carried out, with clear indications of their general bearing, if only for future reference? Why, in particular, did He not more explicitly condemn slavery and imperialism? This apparent omission is perhaps the chief ground of the 'interim-ethic' theory, that Jesus intended His teaching in the main only for the brief interval before the Parousia — that is, His coming to judge the world in visible majesty at the end of the age. I suggest a more common-sense explanation, that it would have been both futile and dangerous. For this would have concerned the Gentile governments more than the Jewish, and they were even less prepared to give heed to the social implications of His doctrine of God and man. And, doubtless, He foresaw the risk of encouraging rebellions of the slave population or of the subject provinces of the Roman Empire, which would have been suppressed with ferocious cruelty. In the immediate present He counselled submission: 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's'. And St. Paul and St. Peter both reasserted this.

Yet when and in so far as the world has accepted and does and will accept Christianity, it has become and does and will become practicable to call for reforms agreeable to it, as the abolition of crucifixion after the legalizing of Christianity by the Edict of Milan, and later the suppression of gladiatorial combats, and, during the palmy days of the Papacy, the prohibition of usury, and, during and after the evangelical revival in Britain, the humanizing of the penal system, the abolition first of the slave-trade and then of slavery, the limitation of excessive child-labour, all at the appeal of devout Christians, veritable prophets — John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, William Wilberforce, Lord Shaftesbury. The mass of the people at that time could hardly be said to have been converted in the full evangelical sense of spiritual rebirth, but they had sufficient confidence and moral judgment and compassion and perhaps dread of the wrath to come, quickened through Christian teaching, to follow the lead of men and women who did know Christ. These reforms were largely negative, the removal of various dreadful injustices and cruelties. Is not the present world crisis making both possible and urgent a more positive and comprehensive vision of the social ethic of Christ and its application for the regeneration of

our own nation and the other nations of so-called Christendom, yea, of all the nations of this globe? What then is the social ethic of Christ?

But is Christ's social ethic any different from His individual ethic, and is not this all comprehended in the brief saying: 'Love thy neighbour as thyself'? At first sight this looks as if intended to be the root principle of all morals. Yet it is not altogether easy of interpretation. In the first place, we have the old question, 'And who is my neighbour'?—only partially, I think, answered with the story of the good Samaritan. Then, even if we mean by neighbour anyone in the world, or anyone whom our conduct may affect, there is still the difficulty of defining love. It is noteworthy that John Stuart Mill regarded this as a succinct statement of the altruism implied in his hedonistic, or at least eudaemonistic and utilitarian, ethics, according to which the saying would mean, 'Promote the happiness of anyone else in the world impartially with your own'. But utilitarianism tends to take a short-sighted view of the real good of man, concerning itself with temporal rather than with eternal values. The dictum needs to be supplemented by some other of the sayings of Jesus, which direct our attention Godward rather than manward, such as the first commandment, to love God with the whole personality, and the injunction, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness'. But what is meant by seeking the Kingdom of God?—helping to produce it, or trying to find and appropriate it? The latter agrees better with the parables of the Hidden Treasure and the Pearl of Great Price. But how by finding it for ourselves can we make it a social possession? All this needs thinking out and experiencing in order to make of it practical politics. Let us then turn to His more specific social teaching.

We will consider first the economic ideal implicit in Christ's pronouncements. Evidently He abhorred the moral corruption involved in accumulations of material wealth, as is shown most emphatically by His declaration that it is easier for a large beast like a camel to go through a small hole like the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter God's Kingdom—in other words, it is humanly impossible; though, as He went on to say, in order to allay the perturbation of His disciples, God can perform even this stupendous miracle. But why is it so hard or, rather, impossible? Obviously because the rich man normally and as a matter of course spends on trifling and often dubious advantages to himself money with which he might have relieved the urgent needs, whether bodily or mental or spiritual, of other human beings. A particularly flagrant instance of this callous selfishness was the spending by individuals of thousands of pounds annually on personal comfort and amusements in the years succeeding the first Great War, while millions were dying of hunger and of diseases due to want in Russia and elsewhere. We are spending now at least a hundred times as much on destroying life as would then have amply sufficed for saving all these lives. But a subtler reason for the difficulty of the rich man in entering the Kingdom of Heaven is indicated in another of Christ's sayings: 'Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.' Considerable property by its very nature attracts and rivets the thoughts and interests of the possessor.

We might legitimately infer from this that a Christian society would, in order to save any of its members from the awful misfortune of being rich, severely limit both property and income. But before this is done, the Church should call attention to the doctrine of stewardship implicit in Christ's remarks after

the tale of the Unrighteous Steward: 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much', and what follows. The Christian is to his money and other material wealth as the treasurer of a society is to the funds and other property under his charge, with this difference, that it is left to the Christian, as it is not normally left to official treasurers, to decide for himself what salary he pays himself out of what legally belongs to him. Ethically it is fraud for him to take more than, on a generous estimate, he really needs. As St. Paul rather obviously remarks, 'it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful'. But, as in the case of treasurers who have considerable latitude in spending the funds entrusted to them, Christians must exercise also intelligence in dispensing their wealth, estimating the rival claims of various charities and missions and industrial enterprises and social experiments. They should be, not only scrupulously honest, but also wise even in the worldly sense. Probably many rich people, if their responsibilities were brought home to them, would prefer to hand over a large proportion of their superfluous wealth to some public body, civil or ecclesiastical, which would be less likely to make mistakes in the apportionment of it. Thus the thorough inculcation of the doctrine of stewardship would lead to a levelling, first of private expenditure and then of private ownership, and also to a more efficient use of the capital resources of the community.

It is apposite to remark that Christ's disclaimer to arbitrate on one occasion, 'Man, who made Me a judge or arbitrator over you?', by no means signifies that the Church has no concern with the economic ordering of society. Would not any intelligent leader of a great cause avoid being side-tracked into arbitration in private disputes, lest he should prejudice against his cause those against whom his decision was given, even though he might temporarily gain the adhesion of those who benefited by his verdict? Our Lord, we remember, took the opportunity to warn people against the covetousness which produced these quarrels.

Then as to work, the dominant motive should be the value of the product in general — the benefit it confers on people, according to the will of God. Industrial and other labour should be regarded as ways of doing the will of our Heavenly Father in its contribution to the welfare of human beings — indeed, as an activity both of love for God and of love for neighbour, sometimes the former aspect and sometimes the latter aspect of the twofold motive being uppermost in the heart. But this does not exclude payment for the work, as is evident from Christ's injunction to His missionaries to partake freely of the occasionally lavish hospitality of their hosts, when He reminded them of the popular saying, 'The labourer is worthy of his hire'. The custom of paying for work serves a double purpose: it secures the means for the sustenance of the worker, and it enables society to bring to bear another motive for work on those not moved by love for God and their fellow men, that of avoiding hunger and other kinds of want for themselves, agreeably to St. Paul's dictum, 'If a man will not work, neither let him eat'. For true Christians the principal and most conscious motive will be the service of others according to the will of God, and they will regard themselves as agents of the all-embracing activity of God in doing their daily job, the while recognizing their pay as God's provision through other human agents of the means for strength to do it. But since society cannot afford to let all the selfish and irreligious be idle, nor indeed would it be salutary for

them, it must compel these others to work through the lower but quite legitimate motive of providing the necessities of life for themselves and the rather higher motive of providing also for their families.

It seems to follow from this that in a Christian society—that is, in a society in which Christian principles were generally acknowledged—payment would be determined rather by the needs of the worker than by the value of the product. And this agrees with the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, in which all alike received the then comparatively high wage of a denarius per diem, amply sufficient for the support of a man and a small family, on condition of their proved willingness to work. This parable, I think, refers directly to what we may call Divine economics, signifying that God will provide all the necessary sustenance for His workers, according to the saying, 'How much rather will your Father feed and clothe you, O ye of little faith!', and that the best workers must not expect more than that, nor be jealous if those who for no fault of their own have done less get the same. But a truly Christian society will copy in its human arrangements the Divine model. If and in so far as the most efficient workers do obtain more than is amply sufficient for their support, they then come into the category of stewards, under the moral obligation of using the difference or excess for other people and objects. All this should not be pressed to mean that all will be paid precisely the same, since obviously some functions in society, such as that of a Minister of State, require command of more of its material resources, more money in fact, than other functions, such as that of a general labourer. Nevertheless, the thorough application of all this would probably mean a much reduced disparity in monetary reward. And the best work, the really outstanding achievements for the welfare of mankind, would not be done for the sake of money, nor be conditional on or furthered by the offer of extra high payment.

Next, with regard to politics, Christ's pointed contrast between the domineering and adulation-seeking behaviour of the rulers of the Gentiles with the subservience and self-effacement which He looked for among His disciples indicates, at least, this now generally accepted and very elementary axiom, that government should be in the interests of the governed. I think that when He uttered these grand words He had primarily in mind, or at least was understood to mean, the little company whom He was about to leave commissioned to the evangelization of mankind. Yet what applied to them would, because of the universality of cardinal moral principles, apply more widely wherever practicable, even to a world-wide civilization so far as really Christian. Not domination, but service, should characterize government. But serving had then the implication of self-humiliation. Now, manifestly, it would be very wasteful for the most capable to devote themselves continually to menial tasks, leaving the less capable for the directive positions. Yet some experience of the lower or less regarded walks of life does help to qualify for more responsible activities. Was not Jesus Himself once a village carpenter? Therefore He insists with mounting emphasis: 'Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your slave' (δοῦλος) (according to Matthew). Subsequently and consequently the Apostles would sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. It is an instance of His at least thrice uttered dictum, 'Whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted'. All this has also inter-

national relevance. When the nations seek to serve one another, even at the cost of some derogation to their dignities, instead of attempting to domineer or overawe one another in pride, peace will be established, and not only peace, but ardent co-operation for the progress of mankind to glory.

Another of Christ's levelling utterances is this: 'Be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your teacher, and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father on the earth; for one is your Father, who is in Heaven. Neither be ye called masters; for one is your master, the Christ'. This was spoken with reference to the fondness for titles among the Jews. It has not been very scrupulously observed either in secular or in ecclesiastical circles in Christendom. Apparently His object was to put an end to social distinctions among His band of disciples, seeing that they pander to pride and obstruct fellowship, but, as before, the saying can be more widely applied. Social distinctions of a hereditary nature would, because of their artificiality, be specially obnoxious to Him who was so against traditions ministering to pride. Inequalities there are and must naturally be among men, since even in the Kingdom of Heaven He spoke of great and little, and for the sake of the efficient conduct of affairs they must be recognized, even if not specially marked by means of titles. But the stereotyping of the inequalities from generation to generation is an offence and a stumbling-block. For one thing, it dries up the springs of generosity. For the professional man living on his salary thinks that he cannot afford to give much of his income away because of the great expense in giving his children education of the same general standard as he was privileged to have; whereas the skilled artisan, with wages amounting to less than half of the other's salary and with children whom he with paternal pride regards as no less capable and deserving, does not see why he should give anything to charities, seeing that the professional man is so stingy.

Besides this, class-distinctions are 'dysgenic'; for they tend to racial degeneration through discouraging the fertility of superior stocks. Those engaged in occupations requiring intellectual competence are averse from having more children than they can manage to have, as they think suitably educated, and placed in suitable positions, whereas those engaged in so-called manual occupations are content to see their children educated without cost to themselves and then likewise employed. Further, those who rise from the lower ranks through special cleverness and ambitious enterprise tend to adopt the relatively sterile habits of the upper strata into which they have pushed their way. Dr. F. C. Schiller thus mordantly expressed it: 'Social promotion is the reward of whatever merits a society chooses to recognize. But its reward is also its capital punishment' (*Eugenics and Politics*, p. 79).

The limitation or relative scarcity of the occupations in the community requiring intellectual ability has been allowed, through social pride, to limit the breeding of people of intellectual ability. We have been reproducing for social function, rather than for personal excellence. This will cease only when parents in the upper walks of life become content that some, at least, of their children find their livelihoods in manual trades — not necessarily because they are incapable of following the footsteps of their fathers or fathers' friends, but because there are not enough vacancies in the supposed superior vocations for all those capable of engaging in them. And this will only be when the richness of civilization is through prolonged and adult education made available for all,

so that the labourer will be able to talk philosophy and art on equal terms with the highest officials in Church and State. For we must educate, not merely for work, in the sense of activities whereby one earns a living, but still more for leisure, with a view to making the best of human personality. But one would suppose that in a society with a spiritual outlook differences of social function will count but little.

But more than widespread higher education is needed for this end. The Archbishop of Canterbury has remarked that man as producer must accommodate himself to man as consumer, in the sense that production must be for use rather than for profit. On the other hand, man as consumer should accommodate himself to man as producer, in the sense that work, as a main activity of personality, should be favourable to personality. 'Is not the life more than the food, and the body more than the raiment?' It is shameful that life should be marred and cramped and strained and even destroyed in producing for trivial and even deleterious delectations. A small instance of this was the clamour some years ago in an Australian city for night baking in order that people might have fresh bread for breakfast. Not only the sabbath, but work, was made for man, and not man for work. Even with opportunities for education extending into middle age, some occupations, not necessarily dangerous or very arduous or particularly unhealthy, afford a dreary prospect for a live and ardent personality, with dreams of beauty and adventure, to spend the best part of his or her life monotonously engaged in them. Work should be varied — between manual and intellectual, between indoor and outdoor, between sedentary and active — for the sake of the worker, even though this should involve a reduction in the quantity of commodities produced and services rendered, since it is the growing life of humanity, individual as well as collective, that really matters.

But is all this or anything approximating to it really practicable? First, let us remark that there was once a society with something of this character — the little company of Nazarenes in Jerusalem, when 'they had all things in common', and consequently 'took their food with gladness and singleness of heart' (without anxiety or misgivings). They were, we read, 'of one heart and soul: and not one of them said that aught of the things which he (nominally) possessed was his own (to do what he liked with)'. Such social righteousness and happiness were surely never in the history of the world known before. But when persecution scattered them, they were unable to prolong their utopia, since they became mixed with an unconverted and therefore an anxious and avaricious and jealous world. We may perhaps discern here a glimpse of the relation of the new life in Christ to social righteousness. It was a community that 'continued steadfastly in the Apostles' teaching and fellowship', even though they refrained from calling the Apostles by the forbidden titles. The Apostles had witnessed the Resurrection of their Master and they acknowledged Him to be the Son of God from Heaven and the destined King of the world, though probably they had not arrived at the later credal formulations. And they, surely, had the new life; they had been reborn of the Spirit in the Son of God, and they abode in Him and He abode in them; they were in living and conscious contact with their Saviour and Lord. And because of that, because of the grace of their Christ-infused personalities, they commanded the loyalty and devotion of the rest,

some of whom may have not yet come to know Him spiritually with any vividness or constancy. (Evidently Ananias and Sapphira were still some distance from that.) Consequently it was a fellowship of believers in Christ centring round and dependent on certain leaders consciously living in Christ, and therefore constituted an exemplar *in parvo* of a Christian society. It could not endure in this compact form because it was unable to convert the Jewish nation before it was violently dispersed. But so long as it lasted it was a genuine microcosm of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

Is there any new prospect of this being reproduced on a national or even international scale? Will the present destruction have so cleared men's minds of worldly illusion that they will be ready before very long to gather round a few outstanding Christian leaders and to put into practice their behests for the economic and industrial and cultural remaking of civilization?

Now it is well that the Church should begin to have, if not a blue-print, whatever that may mean, at least a tentative outline, such as I have attempted to sketch, of society based on the social principles indicated in the gospel. And to this end I humbly suggest that there should be a gathering of theologians, especially theologians who have specialized in Christian ethics, with one or two Christian-minded economists, and political theorists with practical experience and also psychologists, commissioned in some way by the Church to study the whole subject and make recommendations. For economics and politics and psychology cannot, like the purely physical sciences, be demarcated from ethics or even from theology, since the sorts of economics and politics and psychology that are relevant are determined by the moral and therefore by the religious condition of human beings, or perhaps, rather, by the conception of the moral nature with its possibilities through religion which theology entertains. The scheme or schemes prepared will come in useful some day, let us not doubt. They will, at least, prepare men to accept and to enter the Kingdom of God when it does come. For the Kingdom of God, as I have previously intimated, is primarily, not the product of human effort, but the creation and gift of Almighty God. But how will it come? I do not think that the recorded utterances of Jesus encourage us to expect it simply as the result of a mighty penitence and turning to God for spiritual quickening.

Certainly there are the parables of the Mustard Seed and the Leaven, apparently signifying a gradual growth of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. But as the age nears its conclusion, so seemingly He forewarned us, the world will become more disturbed and unbelieving. 'Kingdom shall rise against kingdom, and nation against nation', He is reported to have said. Iniquity will abound, and the love even of most Christians will cool. There will be false prophets galore; yea, even pretending saviours; and Nature itself will share in the general upheaval.

Will the world then get worse and-worse? Yes, indeed; but also, paradoxically, better and better. The parable of the Tares of the Field was intended to prepare us for this twofold progress, wheat and weeds both growing from generation to generation as the centuries roll by. For by wheat and tares I understand not so much individual souls, as the virtues and vices of civilization — the tangled good and evil, for instance, in democracy and culture and science, even in the Church. Does not this parable accord with the present conditions of

the world? Was there ever such compassionate and idealistic concern for human welfare? Was there ever such ferocious destructiveness, or such materialistic worldliness, as in recent years? What is to eliminate the evil? The angels, horrified by the condition of mankind, have their well-meant offers to help declined, since even they would be incapable of disentangling the bad that has twisted itself about the good, without doing serious injury to the good they would liberate. It very much looks as if that were sober fact.

If then we are to go to Christ to learn how to make the world what He would have it be, we should attend, not only to His moral principles and the illustrations He gave of their working, but also to His predictions. And certainly He predicted that a complete fulfilment of His principles in human society would not and could not be, until something wonderful happened—until He should in some unmistakable manner make His presence universally known. And for that reason His final commission to His disciples was that they were to be His witnesses, preaching the Gospel and baptizing, without mention of remoulding the world according to His doctrine. But when He should so gloriously appear, He would then take control over the world and with His saints—those spiritually alive through personal contact with Him—would order it aright, according to the design of the Father in Heaven. Wherefore I deem it well that we—the Church, if we prefer to say so—should seek to know His will for the social life of man, both national and international, and that we should endeavour to persuade our own nation, and other nations, if at all feasible, to set about reconstructing civilization accordingly. But I also think, we shall not get very far with this until—yes, until He appears in power and great glory, and then He will gladly (may I say ‘gratefully’?) take our very tentative beginnings and carry them to their by us unimagined fulfilments in the Kingdom of His Father, now at last in very truth established on and embracing this planet of human habitation.

FREDERICK A. M. SPENCER

EVANGELICAL RELIGION IN BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY

THE term ‘comparative religion’ suggests at once that it is possible to regard each religion as a totality of experience and doctrine, more or less sharply differentiated from its neighbours and rivals, and therefore capable of being compared with them. Another method of study is, however, possible and in some cases is likely to be more fruitful. On analysis each religion turns out to be of a highly complex structure, and to contain within itself a certain number of quite specific types of spiritual experience and interpretation. These types reappear in most or all other religions, so that, for example, however much Buddhism and Christianity may be at variance on certain fundamental points, there are schools within Buddhism which correspond very closely to

particular sects within Christianity. That is true, of course, of the other great religions as well. There is a spiritual affinity among mystics, on whatever tradition they may draw, and Jewish reverence for the Torah has its parallel in the Sikh worship of a sacred book. It is, however, with Buddhism and Christianity that we are here concerned, and with the existence in each of what is known as evangelical piety — a piety for which such concepts as 'salvation', 'grace', and 'faith' are regulative.

The sūtras to which appeal is made by that Pure Land school of Buddhism with which we are here concerned are principally the larger and the shorter *Sukhāvati-vyūhas*, translations of which are to be found in vol. XLIX of *Sacred Books of the East*. In these the Western Paradise which awaits the faithful is expatiated on with all the riotous extravagance of the Oriental imagination. What is more important than this, however, is that the historical Buddha himself is made to describe the earthly career and saving efficacy of the one who was afterwards to be worshipped as Amitabha. This new saviour is thus given a supreme place within the Buddhist system and the role assigned to Sakyamuni is merely that of witness. Countless ages before the latter was on the earth, a certain monk, having by his meditation created a Land of Bliss eighty-one times more splendid than the sum of all the Buddha-worlds already known to him, vowed to accept enlightenment for himself only on the condition that such a land should be peopled with all those who sought entrance to it by the way of meditation on his name. In the shorter (and later) sūtra it is explicitly stated that salvation is by faith alone:

Beings are not born in that Buddha country . . . as a reward and result of good works performed in this present life. No, whatever son or daughter of a family shall hear the name of the blessed Amitāyus, the Tathāgata, and having heard it, shall keep it in mind, and with thoughts undisturbed shall keep it in mind for one, two, three, four, five, six or seven nights — when that son or daughter of a family comes to die, then that Amitāyus, the Tathāgata, surrounded by an assembly of disciples and followed by a host of Bodhisattvas, will stand before them at their hour of death, and they will depart this life with tranquil minds. After their death they will be born in the . . . Buddha country. (*Sacred Books of the East*, vol. XLIX, Part 2, pp. 98f.)

The longer sūtra is less emphatic on this point of *sola fide*, excluding from salvation those who have been guilty of the seven deadly sins or have done despite to the true religion.

These scriptures are to be ascribed to the second century of our era. It was only when it had been transplanted on Chinese soil, however, that this form of Mahayana really came into its own. Hui Yuan (A.D. 313-416) came to it from Taoism, and he introduced many terms of his old faith into the practice of the new. The school he founded was called at first the White Lotus, from the blossom-covered ponds which surrounded his monastery; at a later period, however, it took the name of Pure Land by which it is still known, the lotus having been adopted as a symbol by a secret political society from any connection with which it was important that the school should exonerate itself.

But if this form of Buddhism first took definite shape in China, it was in Japan that it reached its highest development. It found there a spiritual genius

to grasp, as none had ever done before him, the essential saving quality of this faith, and to share with his fellows what he had found.

Honen (1133-1198) was the Oriental Luther, a monk who sought deliverance in learning, ritual, and good works, but sought it in vain, till at last it came to him as a gift of grace to be received by faith. The passage which brought him emancipation was not in his case from scripture, but from a commentary by Genshin (941-1017), one of his countrymen who had travelled just this way before him. It ran:

Only repeat the name of Amida with all your heart. Whether walking or standing, sitting or lying, never cease the practice of it even for a moment. This is the very work which unfailingly issues in salvation, for it is in accordance with the Original Vow of that Buddha. (Coates and Ishizika: *Honen the Buddhist Saint*, p. 187.)

The followers of Honen in Japan to-day give to their creed the name of Jodo Buddhism. Shinran (1173-1263) was the founder of Shinshu Buddhism, a more drastic and therefore more questionable form of this evangelical piety. He used expressions which bordered on antinomianism, so concerned was he to exclude even the tiniest contribution of human merit to salvation. He broke down the barrier between religion and the secular life, discarding his monastic robes for marriage and a family.

According to the 1934 census, the Jodo sect in Japan has in its various branches some 8,000 temples or monasteries and a total of 4,000,000 members and adherents. For the Shin sect the corresponding figures are respectively 19,500 and 13,000,000. Taken together, the two include almost 40 per cent of those who entered themselves as Buddhists. Not only is this evangelical Buddhism the most popular form in the country, it is also the most vigorous and progressive. I have myself frequently seen in temples of one or other of these sects notices of preaching services or even of a forthcoming summer school. 'In addition to its temples and halls Shinshu possesses 2,236 preaching stations, scattered throughout the land. Both branches of Shin also do a great deal of work in the army and navy, West Hongwanji having seventy-four preaching centres of this sort, each in charge of a priest who on Sundays or Saturdays preaches to the soldiers and sailors and distributes tracts and pamphlets. Shinshu has also established missions among railway employees. Several Japanese sects provide preachers for the prisons, but it is Shinshu that does most of this work . . . In November 1926 a special three weeks' course of lectures was given for the benefit of the prison chaplains in Tokyo'. (Pratt: *The Pilgrimage of Buddhism*, pp. 571f.)

Mahayana was in its origins a religion for the common man, the Great Vehicle by which the many could travel to salvation as opposed to the Little Vehicle which had accommodation only for the few. Bliss was to be brought within the reach of king and merchant and craftsman, nay even the pariah and the woman were not to be excluded from it; no longer must it be accessible only to the monk. Philosophically, it extended Sakyamuni's denial of any substantial and permanent self to the world of phenomena. This became mere 'void', with the affirmation, implicit or explicit, that reality was to be found in consciousness, particularly in the Buddha-nature. The religious ideal was no longer that of the Arhat, concerned with his own entry into Nirvana, but the Bodhisattva, turning back from Nirvana to devote his merits to the deliverance

of his fellows. This new conception led, in the cults, to the worship of the Buddha in his many manifestations, the one historical and the many fictitious, as a god and saviour, and in the ethics of the new faith, to an extension of sympathy to 'all sentient beings' as being ultimately one with oneself in the Buddha-nature.

These achievements of Mahayana are, of course, the presuppositions of the Pure Land piety. But quite early in the development of Chinese Buddhism the thinkers of the Pure Land school raised a fundamental problem. Was salvation by 'self-help' or by the 'help of another'? It is the question of faith and works which has so often agitated and divided the Christian Church. The answer was that both are possible within Buddhism, but the Pure Land devotion made its choice definitively for the latter. It thus carried still further the original aim of Mahayana, bringing the highest bliss within the reach of all, within the reach even of those who were incapable of the sustained meditation which one school at least still required, or whose only store was one of demerit and not of merit.

It was necessary, however, once salvation had been thus brought to the ignorant, the sinful, and the undeserving, that the very nature of that salvation, and not merely of the means to it, should be differently conceived. This the Pure Land message did by substituting rebirth in the Western Paradise for the attainment of Nirvana. Popular aspiration under Buddhism always tended to be satisfied with the near goal of a happy rebirth and to leave Nirvana to the elect; in this school, however, while Nirvana as the state of complete enlightenment combined with the exercise of what we should call magical powers is not attempted in this life, it is the birthright of all who gain admission at death to the Western Paradise. The description of that land in the sutras is of a country in which all conceivable perfections are realized. There is no hell there nor any brute creation, the inhabitants are as gods and are all of one colour, that of gold; they are able to recollect all their former births and can know the thoughts of other beings in countless multitudes; they are firmly established in absolute truth and they possess the power to conjure into existence all desirable objects, pearls, perfumes and umbrellas among them, by merely thinking of them as created out of their stock of merit. Much of this is clearly not meant to be taken literally, though individual Buddhists naturally differ greatly in the extent to which they are able to spiritualize such imagery. In some texts the suggestion can even be found that faith and devotion are themselves the entrance into the Pure Land so much desired:

In this way we understand the relation between the Pure Land and Buddha: to worship Buddha is really to cultivate the Pure Land and to be born into the new and pure life about which the scripture says: 'It is a life of boundless ages, filled with happiness and without grief.' How great a thing in this way to be prepared for the life to come! (Reichelt: *Truth and Tradition in Chinese Buddhism*, p. 168.)

This salvation is secured by the merits of Amitabha and is appropriated by faith in the form of loving invocation of his name. Enough has been said already to show how the merit of Amitabha is supposed to operate. He is thought of as a mendicant monk who obtained salvation for himself along the path of Hinayana; he had in fact earned it by a life of virtue and insight. But he deliberately renounced for the time being the enjoyment of what was thus

his due and transferred his stock of merit to those who had fallen short of this achievement or had even never attempted it. It is precisely that conception of excess-merit which appears in Judaism and Catholicism; for this supposedly historical original of the Saviour had much more than earned his own deliverance from ignorance and rebirth. On this scheme, the efficacy of Amitabha's redeeming work lies — to use the language of Christian theology for a moment — in his active rather than in his passive obedience; it is not in his suffering but in his vow that confidence is placed.

For this form of Buddhism there is therefore a personal Saviour and the response on the part of men to his saving deed is by faith. Faith, however, is best expressed in the invocation of Amitabha's name, not, of course, as a magic formula, but as an expression of the heart's utter trust and devotion. 'Like a great rush of water, this prayer extends from South China up to Manchuria, from Japan and Korea to the borders of Siberia. All the soul's need and longing, sighs of despair, and songs of praise and thanks are gathered up in this application. Buddhist monks greet one another with these words (Nan-mo O-mi-t'o Fu), laymen murmur them either sincerely or mechanically, both at work and at play. They appear as a refrain in the masses, they are repeated many thousand times a day during the procession round about through the corridors and halls of the temple. They are inscribed on stone tablets and engraved on trinkets. They are written and printed in papers and books' (Reichelt: op. cit., pp. 145f.)

A sermon from a modern Japanese preacher shows clearly enough what a gospel can be found in this message:

What is that glad sound? It is the name of the Buddha of Endless Light and Life, to whom we ascribe all glory. Surrounded by the flames of Suffering, above, below, and on every hand, we hear the Holy Name of the Buddha of Boundless Light and Life. Three thousand years in the past, three thousand years in the future, can make absolutely no difference to this Name. It has precisely the same virtue, whether in distant India or in near Japan. Nor is it a matter of three thousand years only, nor of India and Japan only. At all times, and in all places, it is the same. This One Name stands revealed in the midst of a world of Shadow and Vision, and it alone is neither Shadow nor Vision. It is revealed in the World, but it belongs not to this world. It is Light. It is the Way. It is Life. It is Power. This Name alone has come down from Heaven, the Absolute and Invisible, to Earth, the Finite and Visible. It alone is the rope which can draw us out from the burning fire of pain, and land us safely in a place of pure and eternal bliss. (Tada Kamai: *The Praises of Amida*, pp. 18f.)

Such a gospel, simple as is its appeal, is none the less burdened with many problems. For example, are good works a necessary supplement to saving faith, or a mere hindrance to it, or — as Shinran taught — of no value save as the glad expression of thankfulness for mercy received? How many times must one call on the Name to be assured that it avails for one's salvation: is it enough as Shinran again urged, to do so once, provided the whole self is behind the invocation? Again, is the saving faith that which is exercised, as the language of the sutras would suggest, *in articulo mortis*, or that which is prompted at any time by the vision of grace? If the former, will he be saved who, after a lifetime of devotion, wavers in the hour of his decease? These are the problems

which have brought division into the Pure Land Buddhism of Japan, breaking it up first into Jodo and Shinshu, and each of these again into a number of branches with slightly varying doctrines.

It will be sufficient for our purpose, however, to take this evangelical piety as a whole and to compare it with its Christian parallels.

In the first place, this gospel can only be understood when it is seen against a background of unrelieved pessimism.

The pale lightless flames of suffering are at this moment around us on every side. From time to time we may, it is true, enjoy some transient feeling of pleasure, but it is the pleasure of an untrue vision, the precursor of fresh pain, and when it has vanished nothing is left but the flames of suffering.

Furthermore, flame kindles flame, and the fire burns on for ever: suffering brings forth suffering in endless succession. Yesterday is full of pain, so is to-day, so will be to-morrow. With cries of pain and tears we come into this world, with the same we shall again go hence to meet the unknown sorrows of the life to come. This is true not only of ourselves: the same flames of suffering envelop our parents, our wives and children, our brothers and sisters, our friends and acquaintances. The whole human race stands surrounded by a conflagration of suffering and pain, the flames are quite near to us, they take hold of our sleeves, they touch our faces. We can hear around us the cries and groans of suffering humanity. How can we help seeking for some way of salvation? (Tada Kanai, op. cit., pp. 16f.)

The Christian may be pessimistic, indeed in a sense he must be so. But he is haunted by a consciousness of how man has sinned and brought separation between a holy God and himself, whereas the Buddhist is tormented by the evanescence of human life and its total subjection to a law of change. There is all the difference in the world between a despair which implicates the very nature of things and a consciousness of guilt.

We may link with this the quite different attitudes of Buddhism and Christianity to the created order. For the latter, the Creator is also the Saviour, for the former, the world in which we live is a welter of suffering, a sphere of law, and a round of birth and death from which we look to be released by another than the one who sent us into it. The object of devotion is personal for the worshipper of Amitabha as for the Christian, but the world is for him a sphere of cause and effect, not in any sense a realm of personal relations. He is thus much nearer to Marcion than to Paul. Is not this the root of his pessimism? The human encounter is not with the Father, but with Law; personal relations do indeed maintain themselves in a small area won from the hell of suffering which is our lot, but they make no claim to be a revelation of ultimate reality.

We are still on the same ground when we go on to ask in what sense historicity can be predicated of Amitabha. The Christian Saviour belongs in a definite period of secular history; has the Buddhist any such location? The Pure Land modernists of to-day admit frankly that Amitabha is a 'myth' and a symbol. So one of them writes that 'the question of objective physical existence is nothing compared with one's own spiritual attitude toward the object of one's worship or veneration. Sakyamuni conceived the divine spirit of the universe so vividly that he imaged it forth as Amida'. (Mori: *Buddhism and Faith*, p. 79.) 'Your typical Buddhist philosopher not only tolerates but has faith in even the naive Pure Land teachings. But, as Keyserling would put it, he does not confuse

faith with believing to be true. The loving personal O-mi-to, the brilliant pictures of the Pure Land, all these things are useful symbols of the truth.' (Pratt, op. cit., p. 400.)

Theoretically, of course, a good defence could be put up for this position. But is it not essential to the Pure Land scheme that Amitabha's vow should be an actual deed in time and space? The religious value of these beliefs seem to evaporate unless they rest on something in the nature of *Heilstatsache*. Otherwise, what is it actually that we have to oppose to the immense pain of life and the doubt of our own hearts? What meaning is there in the loving invocation of the Name unless He who bears that name did for us men and our salvation acquire merit and bequeath it to us by his vow? Shinran taught that good works were not to be done in obedience to any rule but solely out of the heart's glad response to the boundless mercy it had received. This is intelligible enough on the assumption that we really have something to be grateful for, but is it so without this assumption? There may be a divergence here, there probably is, between the mentality of the West and that of the East; for us, at any rate, a personal relation can only exist between two persons; it would not be possible between a person and a symbol.

Buddhist philosophy works, of course, with two truths, one absolute and the other relative. Clearly, the sphere of relative truth is the one in which Amitabha resides. The feat which some interpreters of Buddhism in China and Japan are able to perform is that of giving absolute devotion to something which they regard as merely relative, phenomenal and transitory. It is as if an absolute idealist, having demonstrated that the Christian God is transcended in the timeless Whole, should then don the uniform of the Salvation Army and preach Him in the streets.

This standpoint, however, is abandoned when the forgiveness of sins is in question. As will be seen from the sutra quoted above, Amitabha is identified with the Tathâgata, i.e. the Buddha-nature which is Mahayana's Absolute Reality. As such, he is beyond the illusion, sin, and error of our experience, and is able to forgive sins because from his point of view there is no such thing; we men, on the other hand, accept forgiveness when we realize the unreality of evil.

By the merit of His Infinite Light, when we attain unto that faith divine and omnipotent, the ice of illusion shall melt into the water of perfect wisdom.

Sin is made one with virtue in its essence, even as ice is one with water. The more there is ice, so much the more water is there. So also is the binding up of sin with virtue. (Shinran: *Buddhist Psalms*, p. 50.)

Just because Pure Land Buddhism does not grasp the true nature of sin, but confuses it with ignorance and finitude, so it makes the divine motive in redemption not so much love as pity. It is out of boundless compassion for suffering beings that Amitabha acts, and his gospel lacks anything as morally bracing as can be found, for example, in Lutheranism. There is no sense of forgiveness as the restoration of a lost personal relation, since he who forgives is not the one who has been sinned against. Rather is one grateful for the lifting of a burden from one's shoulders, release from fear, and a safe passage through death. Salvation comes very near to being a form of safety, and is often spoken of as a ship which will conduct those who embark on it across stormy seas.

Seeing that the frail vessel of our moral capacity has been wrecked, and we have nothing in which to cross over the great sea of birth and death, and moreover that our light of wisdom has become pale, and unable to illumine the darkness which comes from the transmigratory round, that Other Power comes to our help when we are unable to realize the requirements of the Holy Path. (Honen in Coates and Ishizuka, op. cit., p. 452.)

This reference to 'that Other Power' brings us to a final point. Whereas for evangelical Christianity, salvation by faith is the one way open to sinning men, for evangelical Buddhism it is merely the easier of two equally possible methods. That one can win salvation by self-help is not for an instant denied by teachers like Honen and Shinran; what is asserted is that this is not possible for the vast majority of people, burdened as they are with sin and ignorance and hampered by the claims of life in the world. For them a less exacting method is essential, if they are not to fail altogether of the bliss for which they were meant. Honen on one occasion stated publicly that his gospel was not intended to replace other modes of winning salvation; he admitted that there were those, of higher capacities than his own, who could save themselves by discipline, good works, and meditation. In his exposition of the faith he repeats this in greater detail:

Amida seemed to have made his Original Vow the rejection of the hard and the choice of the easy way, in order to enable all sentient beings, without distinction, to attain birth into the Pure Land. If the Original Vow required the making of images and pagodas, then the poor and destitute could have no hope of attaining it. But the fact is that the wealthy and noble are few in number, whereas the number of the poor and the ignoble is extremely large . . . If the Original Vow required obedience to the commandments and the Law, then there would be no hope of that birth for those who break the commandments or have not received them; but few are they who keep the commandments and very many are they who break them. The same reasoning applies to all other cases. (Coates and Ishizuka, op. cit., p. 344.)

Contrast with these sentiments the well-known lines:

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

The possibility of salvation by one's own efforts which Toplady rejects *in toto* is for Honen merely something too arduous for the common man or even himself to attempt.

E. L. ALLEN

UNSEASONABLE TRUTH¹

Thoughts on the War

ONE of the wisest and wittiest of English statesmen declares: 'Circumstances must come in and are to be made a part of the matter of which we are to judge. Positive decisions are always dangerous, especially in Politics'. (By 'positive decisions' Halifax means theoretical or doctrinaire solutions.)

¹ Lecture delivered at St. David's College.

Fitness or timeliness is a vital element in every idea of beauty, every principle of righteousness and every statement of truth. There is a time for everything — for laughter, for tears; for speech, for silence; for humour, for seriousness; for homeliness, for ceremony; for peace, for war; for life, for death. Things must be seen in their appropriate setting. The demeanour suitable to a wedding is improper at a funeral. Old age is seemly, when men are old; but an old head on young shoulders is repellent. Youth is charming, when we are young; but a man who won't grow up, a Peter Pan who cannot put away childish things is contemptible. The response that is beautiful in time of peace is shameful in time of war. War demands a different emphasis, and other virtues. To talk about consistency is to darken counsel, for virtue is greater than consistency. Duty is no cast-iron, unalterable thing, but varies with the changing scenery of life. Circumstances are a part of truth.

No one denies that poverty has a claim upon Christian charity. Yet our Lord rebuked Judas when he urged the claims of the poor. 'Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence?' Indeed the condemnation of Judas by his Master was so deadly that he might have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost — something unforgivable that finally cut him off from Jesus. Yet Judas had a plausible case. For a woman, in a romantic gesture, to fling away a year's wages of a working-man at a time when thousands were in distress, is on the face of it monstrous and heartless. Yet Judas is condemned and Mary commended. 'Let her alone, she hath wrought a good work.' So far from being blamed she is held up as an example. In words of deep feeling our Lord celebrates her deed as a perpetual example of love's magnificence. Nevertheless Judas had spoken truth — not the whole truth, but still truth. What a heart-rending picture he could have drawn of the starving proletariat!

What was wrong with Judas's protest? What he said was true enough, but it was spoken in the wrong place, at the wrong time, by the wrong man. *A true thing spoken unseasonably.*

Whether a principle or a policy is good depends, then, on circumstances. It is only in an ideal, an absolutely unreal, world like that of Pure Mathematics that things are unchangeably true. If a 'right' thing is said or done at a wrong time, it is no longer 'right'. In life, truth is relative not absolute.

This will appear from further examples.

Everyone would admit that conversation is a delightful art; but not always! Hear the Son of Sirach:

Hinder not music,
Pour not out talk where there is a performance of music,
And display not thy wisdom out of season.

Oscar Wilde noted how at society receptions nothing seemed to stimulate flagging conversation like music. Let someone begin to sing or play, and tongues are immediately loosened. Every minister knows that this is true of what are called 'church socials'.

Again, it is generally held that prayer and worship are good things, well pleasing to God. But here once more timeliness is all. There are instances in the Bible where God Himself forbids 'religious exercises'. Thus Moses is rebuked for praying when he should have been doing his duty. 'Wherefore

criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.' It was no time for prayer. Prayer had become a demoralizing evasion a cheap substitute for virtue. God's distaste for 'idle piety', for worship without obedience, is a commonplace of the prophets.

Travel is doubtless a fine thing to broaden the mind. No scheme of education is complete without it. But when a youth is working for a scholarship, to unsettle him by recommending a travel tour would be doing him a disservice. Globe-trotting is ruled out for the time being. The youth's whole career might be imperilled by indulging in a right thing at a wrong time.

Time is a great healer. Without its gradual amelioration life might be intolerable. But suppose a man has lost his wife or only son, and a friend remarks 'Ah well, time will heal the wound', will he not rightly be regarded as a Job's comforter? Time may (or it may not) console the mourner's grief, but it is a cruelly unseasonable moment to speak of it.

Religious faith helps men to emerge from the valley of the shadow. But in the black hour when a man is facing Fate, pious platitudes may inflame rather than heal the wound.

'Are the consolations of God too small for thee?' asks Eliphaz of Job. Yet the verdict of mankind is that silent sympathy would have been more helpful than the spate of hollow truisms and bloodless half-truths.

That night when Charles Lamb's sister Mary lost her reason and killed her own mother, Charles sat through the dreadful hours and wrote a letter, a brave letter considering the appalling circumstances, to Coleridge. In his reply Coleridge meant well, and proceeded to preach. He dilated rather professionally upon the spiritual benefits that might follow if the calamity were taken in the right way. Poor Lamb was perhaps as conversant as Coleridge with such commonplaces. He wrote back bidding him cease from unreal and untimely words, and fell back upon his own humility and fortitude.

There are situations in which 'truth' may be impertinent, and do more harm than good.

This doctrine of the relativity of truth has wider applications. Its importance, indeed, cannot be exaggerated. It is the key to the understanding of history and the guide to present duty.

The American Civil War affords a particularly suggestive example.

If ever a man was humane, a lover of peace, and a democrat Abraham Lincoln was that man. For years he strove patiently, good-humouredly, to find a pacific solution of the American problem. Having failed, he decided reluctantly but irrevocably, for war. All around him buzzed doctrinaire Democrats mouthing their shibboleths. But Lincoln was at war, and war is the point-blank opposite of democracy. War has its own technique and cannot be waged with the instruments of peace. So Lincoln had to prevent democracy from making a fool of itself—a contingency by no means remote. In war what matters supremely is victory. Lincoln's critics (they would now be called defeatists or fifth-columnists) went on with their ideological nagging. Whatever their aim, their effect, was to distract, confuse and weaken their own side. Their stock political nostrums, true enough in theory and in books, harmless enough on paper and in peace, were fatally unseasonable in time of war.

Convinced that his cause was good and the conflict unavoidable, Lincoln

moved unflinchingly to his conclusion. He saw that the war could not be won without *Conscription*. Now conscription was then, and is sometimes even now, supposed to be undemocratic. (In reality, it is the most democratic of all methods of raising an army.) In theory it conflicts with 'the sacred right of self-determination'.

Lincoln, protagonist of democracy, closed his ears to this chattering about formulas, and besought American John Morleys to put their theories for a while into cold storage.

Again, given a numerically adequate army raised by conscription, that army must be *disciplined*. Here was a further challenge to the popular faith. Better lose the war, moaned the defeatists, than forsake democratic orthodoxy. Democracy, they insisted, was the opposite of regimentation! It took some time to drive out of American heads the idea that a military order was only to be obeyed when it commended itself to the private soldier's mind.

Officers elected by canvassing and votes; battle plans discussed and decided in committees, do not make an army and do not win campaigns. Theory or no theory, Lincoln established discipline. 'In war men are nothing', said Napoleon, 'everything depends on a man.' Lincoln strove to find a man, and at last found Grant, a man of iron — and gave him undivided trust. He cashiered the political generals who had one leg in camp and the other in Congress.

'But', screamed the democrats, 'America is founded on the doctrine of human equality. It cannot tolerate dictatorial methods. Are one hundred per cent Americans, dedicated to the theory that men are created equal, to stand being ordered about, and court-martialled, even shot, for breaches of discipline?'

Lincoln brushed aside with sublime and homely common sense the doctrinaire obsessions of his critics. He begged them to grasp the nettle, to get down to the fundamentals of the case, to maintain a sense of proportion and keep the main issue clear, and not to go wandering off down congenial by-paths. In a word, *not to talk unseasonably*.

Their theories had truth in them, but it was untimely truth and could work nothing but mischief. 'Stop', cried Lincoln; 'stop discouraging, confusing, dividing your brethren. Your discussions about theoretical niceties can wait till the war is over and victory won.'

Judas, the arch-traitor, dragged his red herring of sincere or simulated concern for the poor across the trail. From his day to ours men have been guilty of confusing the issue. Every new crisis brings its crop of evasive sophistry.

Who could have had better intentions than the enthusiasts who conceived and organized the Peace Ballot in 1935? The Churches, particularly the Non-conformist Churches, were honeycombed with pacifist propaganda. Ministers who refused to sign, or to allow others to sign it in their vestries, were criticized as militarists and traitors to the Gospel. Much that the promoters of the Peace Ballot aimed at, much that they said, was true. Their ideals were generally praiseworthy. War is a fearful thing. They were working for disarmament and world peace. In recoil from the nightmare of war, the Labour Party (1934) in Great Britain pledged itself to take no part in any war. The Oxford Union passed a notorious resolution declaring that Oxford students would refuse to fight for their country. No less than three hundred pacifist organizations were at work. The L.C.C. refused to permit O.T.C.s or Cadets in their schools, and

even forbade the use of them by Territorials in the evening. Nearly twelve millions of British citizens signed the Ballot, declaring themselves opposed to war.

If ever true things were spoken unseasonably, it was then. With incredible naïveté our pacifists assumed that disarmament in Great Britain would or might encourage disarmament abroad. Every page of history proclaimed the opposite, but what have Ideals to do with facts and precedents! As often happens, good intentions and ideal solutions produced an exactly contrary effect to that which was intended. Our unilateral disarmament provoked abroad fervid and accelerated preparations for war. The dictators, as they contemplated the colossal signatures in the Peace Ballot, drew the conclusion that Great Britain was both unable and unwilling to resist them. In effect the Ballot was an invitation from a defenceless Great Britain to our enemies to attempt its spoliation. The nemesis is the present world-conflict, in which after three years of disappointing struggle Britain is still desperately striving to overtake the lead in armaments gained by Germany in the five years before the war. The principles and hopes represented by the Peace Ballot were in the abstract excellent. But who now doubts that the Ballot was a prime factor in precipitating war?

True things were spoken at the wrong time and by the wrong people. The appropriate field for pacifist missionary enterprise was abroad — in Germany, Italy, Japan. *There*, certainly, it might have done little good, except to add a few thousand names to the roll of martyrs, but at least it would not have made war certain, with ourselves gravely unprepared.

No lesson is more clearly to be drawn from history than this — that there is no incitement to war so irresistible as the spectacle of great possessions weakly held.

Not the sole, but the chief responsibility for this continuation of the war of 1914-18, must lie at the door of the pacifists in Great Britain and the U.S.A. It was certain that the spectacle of an undefended British Empire would lure the dictators to attack it.

What, let us ask, accounts for this seeming wilful blindness? Is it not at bottom the lack of a sense of proportion — a distorted perspective? Lincoln possessed that sense of proportion; his opponents lacked it. A sense of proportion compels us to put first things first, to concentrate upon essentials, to avoid side-tracks and secondary issues.

Suppose a miner has a mate from whom he differs strongly on politics and religion. One day, in a rescue party after an explosion in the pit, he comes across his opponent lying stunned and in deadly peril. He will not quibble about minor matters. His overmastering thought will be to drag that helpless man to safety. All other considerations sink into insignificance.

When the Spanish Armada set out to invade England, the Spaniards (like all who have wished to destroy us) counted on our internal divisions to paralyse our resistance. They hoped the English Catholics would come out on the side of their religion. Our admiral in chief was Howard of Effingham — a good Catholic. But Catholic or no Catholic, he was an Englishman who was determined to fight for Queen and Country. And like many other Catholic gentlemen, did so. They kept their sense of proportion, concentrated on the fundamental issue, and refused to be side-tracked.

It is worth while to remember that Philip II counted on the revolt of the

Catholics; Louis XIV on the revolt of the Jacobites; Napoleon on the revolt of Whigs and Radicals, Wilhelm on the revolt of Irish and Liberals. Hitler is a shrewd student of history. He has concentrated on dividing his enemies. His costly propaganda crippled France. His lavish financing of Pacifism in the U.S.A. kept America out of the war for a precious couple of years. He has done his utmost to foment discord in Britain. Our great ambassador, Spring Rice, once said in his pithy way, 'No one would eat beef if he had to swallow an ox whole'. That is, a united Britain will not be molested. Internal domestic strife is a standing invitation to the enemy.

To preserve this sense of proportion is vital. Yet some minds seem irresistibly tempted to drag in all sorts of subordinate issues. It is a temptation that must be overcome.

Suppose Mr. Churchill were to allow himself the luxury of recrimination — to say, 'I told you so'. It is true that for years he warned us in vain, and his warnings have come true. But what is self-vindication to him compared with the safety of his country? Like St. Paul, he says, 'This one thing I do. Forgetting the things that are behind and reaching forward to the things that are before, I press on toward the mark'. Our Premier has set the example of refusing to speak unseasonable truth.

It may be that the exponents of 'Appeasement' deserve to be indicted: that these 'Guilty men' should be tried after the French model at Riom. But it is difficult to see how such a trial would increase either the unity of the nation or the efficiency of our war effort. The demand is untimely.

The opening of the Great War in 1914 provided a memorable example of timeliness and proportion. John Redmond had often criticized British administration in Ireland, but face to face with the threat of Prussianism he swept aside lesser grievances and proclaimed Ireland's readiness to march to war side by side with England. England might have blundered in Ireland, but Prussia, standing defiantly for the gospel of force and the sacrament of cruelty, was a more deadly menace.

Once again the enemy has so fixed and forced the issue that neutrality is impracticable. In 1918 President Wilson declared that in future wars neutrality would be impossible. The history of the past three years confirms Wilson's prediction. Hitler will not permit the luxury of neutrality. Neutrality is a sorry pretence without the power to defend it. Nations must choose. Either they must help Hitler or he will, when it suits him, destroy them. He that is not with me is against me.

Whenever dynamic personalities such as Elijah, Caesar, Cromwell, Napoleon, Lincoln, define the issue, detachment becomes impossible. Morally as well as physically, neutrality is not to be had. To-day the man who does not resist Hitler befriends him.

It is therefore our bounden duty to concentrate upon the essential — the destruction of Hitler and Hitlerism, and sternly to banish all considerations which might distract the attention, confuse the mind and weaken the will of Britain and her allies. Old resentments, misunderstandings, antipathies — dislike of America, distrust of Russia, and all the rest of our pre-war foibles and prejudices, must be scrapped. Things more or less true, when spoken unseasonably, become false and treacherous.

Here are a few contemporary red herrings which are being flung, maliciously or innocently, across the war trail:

We ought to be friends with Germany;
We ought to have granted freedom of the seas;
We ought to state our peace terms;
Force is no remedy;
War accomplishes nothing;
The war will involve us in common ruin;
The Versailles Treaty was harsh and provocative;
The naval blockade of Germany was inhuman.

These are a selection of current escapist or defeatist pleas; plausible, dangerous, untimely arguments that are being furtively sown like tares among the wheat.

They are the fruit of free speech — run wild.

One can understand the desperation of idealists face to face with an intractable world, but even they should keep their heads and not visit their resentment upon (to say the least) nations relatively innocent.

Whatever may be the degree of truth in that bundle of slogans, they are worse than irrelevant in view of the war situation. They are mischievous; they are obstructive; they irritate and depress our own people and encourage our enemies; they aid and abet Hitler; they do Goebbels's work for him; they prolong the war.

Such subversive mutterings broke the national front in France. Hitler did not murder France; she committed suicide.

Anyone therefore who sows dissension in Great Britain is guilty of what Mr. Churchill called 'the mortal crime'.

Parsons are especially prone to indulge in this sort of quibbling and nagging. They have strong motives to do so. War cramps their style. Their whole speciality slumps badly. The stark actualities of war render their facile week-end absolutes meaningless. Devoid of worldly prestige, ministers of religion naturally cling to the modest glory of spiritual directorship. War rudely crashes in upon their ideological freehold. Their Kingdom shrinks. No wonder some of them are tempted to hit back — blindly. Germany being out of range, they visit their spleen upon their own (by no means perfect) country. Wounded self-importance — in some cases, doubtless, genuine spiritual anguish — compensates itself by criticism, ragging, debating points — sometimes by a defeatism that borders on sedition.

The lack of proportion that generates sophistries of this kind is flagrantly displayed by such men as De Valera and Gandhi. Both insist on making their judgments *in vacuo*, in contracting out of the real world. They cling to absolutes and have minds altogether superior to modest practical relativities. In a world which never permits a hundred per cent right thing to do, they claim the moral luxury of consistency.

De Valera, for example, affects to be choosing between membership of an imperfect British Commonwealth and the dignity of independence — a hundred per cent all-Irish ideal. This is disingenuous. The effective choice before him is between a loyal association with the British Commonwealth and total

subjugation by Germany. It is only the protection of the British navy and airforce which enables him to maintain, for the moment, his profession of detachment.

Similarly with the sinuous Gandhi. Whatever judgment be passed upon British rule in India, Gandhi's position is false. The choice is not between an imperfect British administration and the Ideal; not even between British administration and independence. The real choice is between collaborating with Great Britain and enduring the suzerainty of Japan. Even if the British have chastised the Indians with whips, Gandhi might discover, too late, that Japanese scorpions were still more objectionable. The subtleties of his mind enable him to ignore the patent fact that to-day only British arms stand between India and a Japanese invasion.

The pulpit, let us admit, lives upon 'ideals'. Here is the pulpit's strength — and weakness. Its vogue has depended largely upon its success in enabling men to escape from the harsh dogmatism of fact.

In war the world passes out of the sphere of words and schemes and 'ought to be', into the world of signs and deeds. The belt of the preacher is roughly thrown off from the wheels of human life. His first reaction is resentment; on second thoughts he might admit that war does one good thing in that it disfranchises rhetorical solutions and drives men back upon hard realities. To-day, then, *unum porro est necessarium*, one thing is needful. The war must be won.

Would the world be a better world if organized on the principles of Nazism? Are Hitler, Mussolini, Laval and the warrior chiefs of Japan better than Churchill and Roosevelt?

Peace is not God's first gift; it is His last. It is the fruit or by-product of righteousness.

We are threatened by Powers that despise and disbelieve us when we talk of peace, and conclude that we are either cowards or hypocrites. We may be only half-Christian, or less; but we are fighting naked Paganism. Let us not pretend that we are white and our enemies black. There are good things in Germany; there are bad things in Britain. There are no hundred per cent causes.

On the other hand, it is equally perverse to dismiss the conflict as 'a case of six of the one and half a dozen of the other'. We are not stainless; they are not wholly vile; but there is a differential ounce which must be defended and on which the hope of a Christian civilization depends.

A British soldier once said bitterly: 'We are faithful without a faith.' This is, we claim, far from true. Our faith admittedly is not clearly articulated, and our British tradition of liberty and toleration dulls the edge of our propaganda.

Nevertheless we have a faith, and one worth fighting for. If that 'differential ounce' is safeguarded, then the way will at least be open to a better world.

We have noble ideals, even though we fall behind them. But Hitler's very ideal is hideous.

We have not lived up to our religion but we have never deliberately disavowed it. Germany has officially repudiated Christianity.

Here, to sum up, is the simple unescapable issue — an issue not chosen by us, but imposed upon us and the world by Germany. Is Violence, Treachery, Blasphemy, the cynical rejection of Truth, Pity, Honour, the remorseless and unprincipled deification of Force — is this to rule the world? It has staked out its claim to mastery.

This is what we and our allies are withstanding. Therefore there should be silence on all secondary issues. Luxurious extensions of liberty must be given up.

If our cause is, on the whole, the right cause, we owe it unreserved support. And among the many things to be surrendered must be the old habit of speaking, even truth, unseasonably. The habit is risky in peace; it is ruinous in war.

We must put first things first, maintain a sense of proportion, and make our unstinted contribution to national unity, determination and endurance.

F. BROMPTON HARVEY

THE CLOSING OF THE HEAVENS

Sir Isaac Newton¹ and His Religious Significance

IF response to the infinite environment is the condition of the human, then men are continually closing the path of their own development. This they do by ignoring an essential element of their own nature and then denying it to the universe.

Two periods of highest human adventure were inaugurated by men whose thinking assumed that the whole universe was open to their exploration by reason of their kinship with its inner principle. No sooner had the heavens opened and infinite possibilities been sighted than they were closed again, and men turned their eyes from the heavens to concentrate upon earth alone, and the kingdom of the earth refused its allegiance to man, who had forsaken the kingdom of the heavens.

This is that strange 'failure of nerve' which historians observe setting in at the very zenith of ancient Greek life and thought.

Again, in the modern period the great originators were Copernicus, Tycho Brahé, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, men who walked in the heavens. Beyond all question their strength of purpose and courage to follow it were sustained by their humble submission to and utter dependence on a revealing infinite Mind. Kepler, in the book which records his discoveries, breaks out in a paean of praise and humble acknowledgment to God, who has permitted him to think His thoughts after Him. Newton brings his *Principia* to a close thus:

The Master of the Heavens governs all things, not as being the soul of the world, but as sovereign of the Universe. A God without sovereignty, without providence, and without object in his Works would be only destiny or nature. Now from a blind metaphysical necessity, everywhere and always the same, could arise no variety; all that diversity of things according to places and time (which constitutes the life and order of the universe) could only have been produced by the thought and will of a Being who is *the Being*, existing in Himself and necessarily.

To Sir Isaac Newton more than any other individual our mechanical civilization is due. Little did he think that his principles would be applied to the interpretation of living things and to mental processes in an attempt to include nature and man under a formula of materialism and determinism. Was this an inevitable consequence? Let us see.

First let us recall that for his own generation, and ever since, Newton has been

¹ 1942 marks the tercentenary of his birth.

the classical example of scientific integrity. Newton 'began to think of gravity extending to the orb of the moon' in the rustic quietude of Woolsthorpe, whither he had gone down from Trinity College, Cambridge, which had closed because of the Plague (1665-66). He tested the idea by a calculation to see if a force of attraction which varied as the inverse square of the distance would account for the lunar motion. Owing to the imperfect measurement of the earth's diameter then available the result was not sufficiently near to satisfy him and he laid the matter aside for five years, turning his attention to the nature of light. When more accurate measurements were available he made the calculation again. When it seemed that the calculation was likely to verify his theory he felt obliged to ask a friend to finish it. He knew that the secret of universal motion was his. Still he was in no hurry to proclaim it. Only when Halley came to Cambridge to inquire whether such a calculation could be devised did he divulge that he had solved the problem and that the figures were in his possession. In the next year (1688), Halley writes joyously to him: 'Your incomparable treatise was presented to the Royal Society'.

Thus it was the year (1687) in which the constitution of England rocked, and most men were filled with apprehension that chaos was about to return, that Newton betook himself to an inner world in which he had received assurance of the stability of the outer universe, and wrote the *Principia*.

The truth was such to him that he was not anxious about it. He knew that only a few were capable of judging his work. He was indifferent to propaganda. When Molyneux Graham and Bradley set up a telescope at Kew to find out the parallax of the fixed stars they found a certain nutation in the earth which they could not account for, and thought it destroyed the Newtonian system. Molyneux gently and tactfully told Newton.

But all that Newton said was: 'It may be so; there is no arguing against facts and experiments.' Similar fears or hopes that Newton's System was overthrown continued, for the next century and a half, from time to time to be expressed. Strange to say, the fears for the most part were from those who were developing a materialist philosophy, whilst the hopes of its overthrow came from poets and artists and men of religion. For the former the mechanical inventions and technical triumphs which flowed from the new source of understanding gave such promise of power to man as to outweigh all consideration of the effects of these upon man himself. For the latter it seemed that the control of Providence had been replaced by impersonal mechanical law and that God was being 'bowed out of His universe'. But their concern was much deeper than for received theological opinion or religious beliefs in the narrow sense. For it was plain to see that a development was afoot that was fast enchaining men to an industrial machine; that man was no longer an end in himself, but the natural forces to which he had gained access were overmastering and enslaving him.

The supposed consequences by which the triumphant mechanical philosophy cast a shadow over the human spirit were these:

First, the qualities of which it took account were those which could be measured and weighed, i.e. mass and motion (in combination, force); colour, scent and taste were regarded as secondary, not properly belonging to the object, but being its effects in the perceiver. The ancient Greek idea of atoms as the ultimate structure of matter was revived, for it suited the purposes of

calculation, so that the 'real' world was cold and hard and dead. Secondly, the universality of the laws of matter in motion seemed to involve a rigid and inescapable determinism. The third consequence was the apparent confirmation of Locke's teaching that our human perceiving and thinking are only the impressions of the senses, and of these senses the only reliable ones are those that record weight and size. Thus the romantic universe of Dante and Milton, the scene of the celestial drama, had given place to a relentless machine; the Devil and his angels no longer interfered with it, but on the other hand its Maker was preoccupied, perhaps elsewhere; the machine could run itself.

The breaking of this spell was reserved for our own time, not by the frontal attack of the champions of the spirit, but by the physicists themselves, pressing the mechanical theory of matter until it failed them. The pursuit of the sources of energy to the inmost recesses of matter has led to a conception of the physical world more strange and startling than any of the ideas of mythology or magic.

The atom, which seemed by Dalton's chemistry to be finally established, was taken up by the investigators of light, and of magnetism and electricity. First the nature of light and the nature of electricity were found to be fundamentally the same. Then that prism, by which Newton 'disentangled the shining robe of day', became the instrument of still further analysis. The spectroscope revealed strange behaviour in rarefied gases contained in a vacuum tube on the passage of an electric current. The atoms came to be regarded as planetary systems in which many electrons revolve about a heavy nucleus like planets round the sun. But mechanical ideas had reached their limit.

Did Newton's laws hold good within the microcosm of the atom? No, they tell us, for planets may revolve at any distance from their sun, not so the electrons; their orbits must have the relation of whole numbers; moreover, whereas gravity is always an attraction, electrons of like sign repel one another. Further, these little universes or microcosms are not in stable equilibrium, for an electron may jump its orbit and thus the constitution of the atom be changed. The 'principle of uncertainty' was thus proclaimed in the heart of matter, and matter is identified with force. The annihilation of matter was envisaged in the coalescence of positively and negatively charged particles. Even the law of causality is called in question; it is pointed out that the universality of natural law is arrived at by statistics, and these may conceal the exceptional. Schroedinger declares that in the light of present knowledge there are events which most certainly are not governed by causality. Planck, however, writes: 'In my opinion there exists not the slightest contradiction between the reign of a strict causality and freedom of the human will', for 'every application of the law of causality to the will would produce knowledge of the will which would itself act as a motive and thereby change the result.'

This in briefest summary is what a mere layman can gather from the physicists. It is heavy going for most of us, but it is of utmost significance for seeing our way. It means that the net of determinism is broken and the way is open, so far as the witness of the physicists is concerned. 'The old thorough-going mechanical view of the universe has died a natural death owing to the absorption of mechanics into physics', says Professor Dingle.

The method of physics and chemistry has hitherto been analysis, as that of anatomy is dissection, but steps toward synthesis are already being taken.

Science must isolate to investigate, divide to conquer. And to do this it makes use of *abstractions*. Not until Einstein did physicists realize that Newton's concepts of absolute time, space, motion, and mass were abstractions from reality and were inadequate for the comprehension even of some observable phenomena. Now an abstraction is valid until we come to deal with that which has been left over and deliberately excluded in making it. When a man asks, What am I? a skeleton may provide food for thought but not the answer. And so a skeleton universe must be provided with flesh and blood, and mind and spirit accorded their place.

It is of more than historic interest to note that the recognition of scientific concepts as abstractions, more than a century ago, was the ground of an artist's polemic against Newton.

William Blake saw the abstractions of science as 'the Spectre which rose over Albion'. He designated 'Satan as Newton's Pantocrator'.

'To bathe in the waters of life, to wash off the Not-Human, I come to cast off Bacon and Locke and Newton.' 'An abstract objecting power that negatives everything, this is the Spectre of Man.' The recognition of the spiritual element he heralds as a veritable going forth out of Egypt:

The Atoms of Democritus
And Newton's Particles of Light
Are sands upon the Red Sea shore
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

Now that science is awakening to criticize its own abstractions we are in a position to frame the question: What is that concrete whole from which the abstractions are made? It is a universe in which matter and life and spirit have their indisputable realm and laws.

What is religion but the expression of the concrete whole of reality for every man and his relation to it? The religions of men have shown every gradation from puerility to sublimity, but while they lasted they sustained men's courage in the face of all odds. When they collapsed the individual became a lost fragment, no longer of any essential significance or value. The Christian religion perforce expresses itself in the current terms of men's understanding of the world and this has undergone and will undergo many changes, but its unchanging truth is an assertion of the relation of man's inmost being to Reality.

The connection between the crisis of Christian belief, in its conflicts with materialism, rationalism, and anti-religion, and the era of epic struggle of man versus machinery, of which the genesis is marked by Newton's mechanics and the apocalypse by world war, becomes apparent. We can see now that these conflicts have a far deeper significance than that between ignorance and scientific knowledge, as rationalists have supposed, or between classes of society, as Marxists taught; it is between those who are deeply concerned for man's inmost nature and those who are carried away by a lust for power. The power principle, which in the mechanical philosophy came illegitimately to be applied to life, consciousness, and the human conscience, is to be subjected to the human, and, *it may be*, because the human is enshrined in the heart of the universe, in the incarnate God.

Man himself, the user of power, became enslaved to the powers he had unleashed. Men became the means of power production and not the end for which power is obtained. There was no end, in the sense of a goal, to human activity unless it were the great machine. As a machine, or at best an organism, evol-

ing in accord with laws indifferent to personal weal or woe, human society was itself envisaged, and for many is so regarded still, not least by those who are most conscious of its dehumanizing power.

The 'starry wheels' of the heavens, in their relentless revolutions and their earthly counterpart in the 'dark satanic mills' of a mechanical civilization, which in Blake's visions are seen as destroying all that is human, is a nightmare which will be dispelled as

The Breath divine breathes over Albion
Beneath the Furnaces and starry wheels and the Immortal Tomb,
And England, who is Britannia, wakes from Death.

The England in which the industrial system first developed which at length enmeshed the whole world is the same England whose history enshrines the struggle for freedom based on the sacredness of the human individual proclaimed in the Gospel of Christ, which equally has world-wide consequences both in the past and yet to be reaped. But Blake may be reconciled to Newton now, for his gifts are laid at the feet of universal man.

J. PARTON MILUM

RELIGION UNDER THE STARS

A Study of the Poetry of Henry Vaughan¹

NESTLING shyly amongst the hymns on 'Love and Communion' in The Methodist Hymnbook is one which begins, 'My soul, there is a country'. Neither its music nor its phraseology is of our time, and in some religious atmospheres it would be highly incongruous. There is about it the fragrance of other days, when men thought spiritually in terms of pictures rather than of metaphysics, and were prepared to break a lance with those who claimed the ministry of Beauty and Poetry for mundane and temporal things alone.

As the later Elizabethans passed away, earthly love became increasingly the theme of English poetry; some of it delicate and tender; some striving after quaint and extravagant conceits; some sensual and unsavoury. Towards the end of the year 1610 a young Cambridge undergraduate whose name was George Herbert wrote to his mother bewailing 'the vanity of these many love-poems, that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus', and 'that so few are writ, that look towards God and Heaven'. With his letter he enclosed a sonnet:

'My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
Wherewith whole showls of MARTYRS once did burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth Poetry
Wear VENUS Livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not SONNETS made of thee? and layes
Upon thine Altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy DOVE
Outstrip their CUPID easily in flight?
Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name!'

(The spelling is that of the Aldine Edition of Vaughan's *Sacred Poems*, edited by H. F. Lyte, 1891.)

Herbert himself was amongst the earliest of those whose spirit the love of God first 'heightened' thus to sound out His praise, and when he died at forty years of age the English Muse was still shy of these unwonted themes. Soon, however, she gathered strength and courage, and Religion had her 'nest of singing birds'. Amongst the songsters was Henry Vaughan, the author of our hymn. He was born in or about 1621 at Newton St. Bridget on the Usk. After Oxford and a spell in London, where he studied law and met many leading literary men of the day at the Globe Tavern, he qualified in medicine and returned to his native and beloved Usk country, practised there and died in 1695. There is little else to record. Some time before 1650 sickness endangered his life and even as late as 1654 he considered himself 'at no great distance from death'. It was at this time that he came under the posthumous influence of 'the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert', and underwent a spiritual conversion. Herbert had died in 1633. Influenced doubtless by his friends of the Globe Tavern, Vaughan had become a writer of verse, and had boasted of his gay life in town, probably exaggerating its profligacy in the interests of a youthful desire to be regarded as one of the 'exquisites'. Now all was changed. Just as his more distinguished predecessor, John Donne (Vaughan was born in 1621 and Donne died in 1631), forsook the often sensual poetry of his youth and devoted his pen to the service of God and Religion, so Vaughan renounced his earlier work and begged 'most humbly and earnestly' that it might not be read. Henceforward he became a 'dedicated spirit'.

That Vaughan derived some of his inspiration from George Herbert is beyond doubt; indirectly he confesses it. In many of his passages we can hear the parson of Bemerton speaking again, and those who are edified by taking note of plagiarisms and imitations can easily compile their own lists or accept those of the pundits who delight in this kind of work. It is, however, of far greater consequence to know that Vaughan was no mere vulgar plagiarist. Taken as a whole, his religious poetry has never had the wide appeal of Herbert's, but in his greatest moments he rises to heights of beauty that his predecessor never reached. Herbert is always the parish priest and successor of Chaucer's 'parsoun', for,

'Cristes lore and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and first he folwed it himselve.'

To read his verse is to realize how his life revolved about ecclesiastical customs and buildings; doctrines and creeds; festivals and Saints' days; and one sees him in Bemerton Church, as Walton has pictured him, 'left there alone to toll the bell', or 'lying prostrate on the ground before the altar'. The titles of his poems alone are a miniature compendium of religious and ecclesiastical themes. He is, however, a very lovable parish priest, of the type whose fragrance still lingers here and there in the Anglican Church.

Vaughan, in contrast, is not the priest, nor yet that oddity, the ecclesiastically-minded layman. His love for the English Church is, none the less, deep and true, and he mourns the cleavages which have occurred in his time. Herbert views the English Church and compares it with that of Rome, with quiet, contented thankfulness:

'Blessed be God, whose love it was
To double-moat thee with His grace,
And none but thee,'

he sings. In Vaughan's poem with the same title, *The British Church*, there is the note of alarm and distress and he prays for Divine intervention:

'Haste, haste, my dear !
The souldiers here
Cast in their lots again.
That seamless coat,
The Jewes touch'd not,
These dare divide and stain.'

Vaughan's thought has a more distant horizon. A section of the Church, specially blessed by God and 'double-moated with His grace', hardly accords with a conception of the Church universal, to which every schism is a wrong done to the Body of Christ.

That freer, wider outlook prevails in his verse. Though Vaughan was no ecclesiastic his religious ideas are scrupulously correct. As one would expect, some of his phraseology is apt to embarrass those who, whilst holding in the main his doctrines, cannot entirely clothe them in his verbal forms. Apparently he found that orthodoxy supplied his needs and its current phraseology expressed his thought, for he ventured on no flight of theological speculation on his own account. Therein lies much of his charm. It is the charm of a naïveté of expression such as characterizes some Methodist hymns, and he who reads aright feels the more surely the pulsations of the heart of truth because of the sweet whimsicality of the body through which its tides flow. Vaughan believed that a man's salvation results from his assent to certain revealed truths and these he himself apparently accepted without intellectual difficulty or mental reservation. In his verses there is no suggestion that

'He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them,'¹

which is one reason why to read them is to add to life's tranquillity. It is good sometimes to escape from both the prose and verse of religious controversy. If he had his 'doubts' and 'spectres' he did not sing about them. When a man makes such subjects the themes of his song it is tempting to wonder whether they are not objects of aesthetic interest to him rather than sinister potentials that threaten the foundations of his spiritual life and peace of mind. Briefly it may be said of Vaughan that he writes much of the 'bloud' of Christ and a vicarious and sacrificial doctrine of the Atonement was the basis of all his hopes.

Throughout his work there breathes a deep sense of sin and his language of contrition and self-condemnation is as severe as any to be found in the literature of human penitence.

¹ Tennyson, *In Memoriam* xcvi.

'In all this *Round* of life and death
 Nothing's more vile than is my breath:
 Profaneness on my tongue doth rest,
 Defects and darkness in my breast:
 Pollutions all my body wed,
 And even my soul to thee is dead,'¹

is but one sample, and one pauses to question the entire sincerity of such sentiments. It can only be a superficial sincerity for the last statement is obviously untrue. A soul wholly dead to God could never entertain such thoughts of its own corruption nor thus face its own inwardness; but it is easy to exaggerate when contemplating one's own emotions and so to indulge in a luxury of grief. The question is raised whether verse is a possible medium for the expression of a sense of exceeding great and bitter sinfulness. Does a man with such a consciousness of sin want to express it at all: less still become lyrical about it, unless for the time being he has vacated the rôle of sinner for that of psychologist? Such is, apparently, a transition which some find it easy to effect, and then a man's sin is no longer something stark, unyielding, demonic, against which he raves and batters himself in vain, but rather a prepared laboratory piece washed clean of dust and tears and blood; holding slender connection with its crude, formless prototype, and liable to 'melt into air, into thin air', as if it were 'such stuff as dreams are made on', which is probably all that it is.

Where the sense of sin finds true poetic expression it is surely sin, not in its solitary, menacing nakedness and crudity and present actuality, but sin now forgiven and no longer formidable, powerful and wholly dominant; sin whose power is broken and whose sting is taken away. Between a poet like Vaughan and this sin of his there stands the Cross of Christ. 'See, see', shrieks King Marlowe's Faust,

'where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
 One drop would save my soul, half a drop! ah, my Christ;'

but Faust was on the further side of that streaming blood; for Vaughan it came between him and his sin, and the difference is that between Hell and Heaven. There is, insists Vaughan, no deliverance save through Him 'whose blood peace brings';² who

'by His blood did us advance
 Unto His own Inheritance.'³

Therefore,

'O hear, my God! hear Him, whose blood
 Speaks more and better for my good!'⁴

So he calls not only on man, but, with St. Paul's feeling for the wider creation on 'trees, flowers and herbs; birds, beasts, and stones':

'Lift up your heads and leave your moans!
 For here comes he
 Whose death will be
 Man's life, and your full liberty.'⁵

¹ Repentance.

² Abel's Blood.

³ Easter Hymn.

⁴ Misery.

⁵ Palm-Sunday

That conception of 'the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain', with the hope of its being one day 'delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God', has never ceased to haunt the minds of Christian thinkers and it has gained renewed vitality from the pressure of events to-day. Elsewhere, as he sings out his plea for his own deliverance, the note of passion steals into his verse:

'open to
A sinfull wretch, a wretch that caus'd thy woe:
Thy woe, who caus'd his weal: so far his weal
That thou forgott'st thine own, for thou didst seal
Mine with thy blood, thy blood which makes thee mine,
Mine ever, ever; and me ever thine.'¹

It is, then, out of sin remembered but forgiven, rather than continuing and unforgiven, that Vaughan's songs arise. Of greater verses than his it is true that they are great because, not sin, but salvation is their real theme. No man can be lyrical about sin unless he is first lyrical about salvation. There lies part, at any rate, of the secret of those hymns of Charles Wesley which, in the Hymnbook of 1779, appear in the section 'For Mourners convinced of Sin'. Sin is never seen in its true colours till men are *convinced* that it is sin; and there could be no such conviction nor could those hymns ever have been written if there had not been in the writer's mind far more than a glimmer of understanding of the theme of a later section, 'For Believers Saved'. A man must at least have some appreciation of the meaning of

'Mercy for all who know not God;
Mercy for all in Jesu's blood;
Mercy that earth and heaven transcends;
Love that o'erwhelms the saints in light;
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love divine, which never ends,'²

and a deep desire for the experience, before he can sing

'Wretched, helpless, and distrest,
Ah whither shall I fly!
Ever gasping after rest
I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Fast bound in sin and misery . . .'

and even then the vital experience creeps in and the real time sequence is revealed, for the verse finishes with the plea,

'Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in thee!'³

No man can sing greatly of sin who has not seen above and beyond it the forgiving, redeeming love of God. So Vaughan, like many another who has known the blighting power of sin — 'Is there any muth'rer worse than sin?'⁴ he asks — achieves, through faith in Christ's 'bloud', his soul's release.

The Christian life is, however, one of struggle, and no man dares to say of

¹ Love-sick.

² No. 428.

³ No. 105.

⁴ The Timber.

any battle of his spirit that it is the last. Hence not all Vaughan's verse breathes 'the peace and joy of faith'. Again and again he deplores his inconstancy and temporary estrangement from God, and his prayers for forgiveness and renewal shape themselves in beauty.

'Open my rockie heart, and fill
It with obedience to thy will:
Then seal it up, that as none see,
So none may enter there but Thee.'¹

'Touch with one coal
My frozen heart! *And with thy secret key*
Open my desolate rooms.'²

Here is the prayer of a man who believes his own life's possibilities to be far greater than its achievements and needing only the alchemy of Divine grace to set them free; and lest that belief should engender aught of pride; or the distractions of activity, however beneficent, destroy life's calm, he prays also,

'Give me humility and peace.'³

He had an unerring instinct for the treasures that neither moth nor rust can corrupt and that thieves cannot break through nor steal.

Vaughan, then, mystic that he is, sings full-throated of God's direct action upon his soul, and the grace mediated through Jesus Christ. There is, however, a grace of God that reaches men through earthly things and those who have the double grace find a double blessedness in life. There is profound *religious* truth in Coleridge's line,

'Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee.'⁴

They were sweet to Vaughan, and with their sweetness, that of Nature, his songs are fragrant. Dr. Edwyn Bevan tells how one day, in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, he was looking through Turner's water-colours of that city, and 'when I went out again . . . into the Oxford streets, it all looked different; there were new lights on trees and houses; it all looked like a painted picture by Turner'.⁵ Even so the beauty of the world is different to him who has seen the beauty of God in Christ Jesus: that is, if he regards the beauty of the world at all.

'My world this day has lovely been —
But not like what the child has seen,'⁶

sang W. H. Davies. To any Nature lover the world is lovely, but to the child of God to whom has come the grace that is in Christ Jesus, a more subtle beauty is revealed and all the loveliness of *things* is a further revelation of the loveliness of *God*.

That is how Henry Vaughan saw Nature and to one aspect of it he returns again and again: to night and the stars, whose 'fair, ordered lights' shine again and again in his verse. His was a spirit kindred to that of the writer of the Eighth Psalm. Few people in Vaughan's day could have beheld more frequently than he

¹ Misery.

² Dressing.

³ The Men of War.

⁴ Frost at Midnight.

⁵ *Symbolism and Belief*, p. 278.

⁶ The Happy Child.

⁷ The Constellation.

'upon the night's starr'd face
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,'¹

for was he not a country doctor! 'High romance' was indeed there for him because God was there, stirring 'immortal longings' in him. On horseback and solitary beneath the stars, many of his verses must have come to him and the night wind have been as the breath of God. He writes on *Midnight*:

'When to my eyes,
Whilst deep sleep others catches,
Thine host of spies,
The Starres, shine in their watches,
I doe survey
Each busie ray,
And how they work and wind,
And wish each beame
My soul doth streame
With the like ardour shin'd.'

Picture him again, out on a night of 'clouds and blown stars and windy weather', envying the people who are at home and in bed, and yet grateful for all journeying mercies — more to him than to most men. Listen to him:

'Stars are of mighty use. The night
Is dark, and long:
The Rode foul: and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,
Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much way,
And guide a croud.'

Thus the natural man, with his little grumble and his flickering hope! But, as he writes elsewhere, 'all things here show him heaven';² so,

'God's Saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long must passe
O're dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse:
But these all night,
Like Candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into Bed.
They are indeed our Pillar-fires,
Seen as we go:
They are that Citie's spires
We travell to.'³

Thus he knew, like one of long ago, 'the night shall be bright about me; even the darkness hideth not from Thee'.

In one of his poems, *The Night*, he recalls lovingly how, in this the season

¹ Keats: 'When I have fears.'

² *The Tempest*.

³ Stars.

of his own closest approach and sweetest communion, Nicodemus came to Jesus and

‘saw such light
As made him know his God by night.’

More and more this becomes his ‘hour of knowing’:

‘Dear night! this world’s defeat:
The stop to busie fools: care’s check and curb:
The day of spirits: my soul’s calm retreat
Which none disturb.’

It is also ‘God’s knocking time’, that God in Whom

‘There is . . . some say,
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim!’¹

As a country doctor and a man of sincere piety, not only did the darkness become light about him, but he could say,

‘Death met I too,
And saw the dawn glow through,’²

and in that dawn he saw again the faces of his own loved ones who had gone into ‘the world of light’. His songs proclaim how, as life’s experiences crowded in upon him, death and darkness held less and less dominion over him, and he sings:

‘Dear, beauteous death; the Jewel of the Just!
Shining no where but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg’d bird’s nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

‘And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,
And into glory peep.’³

Under his beloved night sky we leave him. His ‘peep’ into ‘glory’ has become a song in his heart. Stars and stars and stars! Yes — but beyond the stars! — what? Being a poet he does not weigh the niceties of Copernican astronomy, beginning then to exercise the minds and revolutionize the thinking of men — we will forgive him that — but sings out in glorious confidence his faith, his hope, his prayer:

‘My Soul, there is a countrie
Afär beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingéd Sentic
All skil-full in the wars.

¹ The Night.

² Geo. Meredith: Hymn to Colour.

³ Departed Friends.

'If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flowre of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortresse and thy ease.
 Leave then thy foolish ranges;
 For none can thee secure,
 But One, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.'¹

W. L. DOUGHTY (Aberdeen).

THE NATURE OF LOVE

THAT love is the central and final reality of the world is an established truth of Christianity. 'God is Love.' To love, therefore, is to be like God—to share in His absolute reality. Communion with Him, exposing us to the energies of His love, excites a similar energy in us. 'We love because He first loved us.' If Paul is right in his assertion that 'love is the fulfilling of the law', goodness and love are one in essence. In the vital spiritual principle of love God and man reach not a metaphysical but a moral unity; and love binds men together in that perfect society which is known as the Kingdom of God on earth.

What, then, is love? Popularly it is regarded as an emotion—an inner glow of feeling. Like all emotions it has its own modes of expression, and prompts to various kinds of activity. Generally it excites desire for the company and the well-being of the loved one, and leads to efforts to secure these. But love is the warm feeling in the heart as distinct from the ways in which it finds expression. That is the popular idea, but it is not the New Testament idea. Indeed it is questionable whether any of the Christian graces are to be regarded simply as feelings, though psychologically they are so classed. Peace, hope, joy—in the Christian sense they are not mere feelings, they are attitudes of soul with an emotional quality. However true that may be of other Christian graces it is certainly true of love. Love is commanded, as a duty. It is under one's own control in a way that feeling cannot be. To try to produce a glow in the heart for a person to whom one is naturally indifferent or hostile would only result in an artificial feeling if, indeed, it did not strengthen one's natural repugnance. Love is an active attitude, not a passive feeling.

It is instructive to set side by side the teaching of Jesus and that of Paul on this matter. Jesus inculcated love, even to those who hate and persecute us, but he nowhere gives us a definition of what he means by it. The nearest approach to a definition is contained in the story of the Good Samaritan told to indicate what is to be understood by love of one's neighbour. The only reference to feeling in that story is in the statement, 'he had compassion on him', and though compassion and love have something in common they are not the same. The emphasis is on the kindly action of the Samaritan in succouring the wounded Jew, and the application of the story is conveyed in the injunction, 'go and *do* thou likewise'. Love is an activity. Paul in his eloquent song in praise of love sets up love against action. He selects a deed which is usually most expressive of love and assures us that, even if generosity is pushed to its

¹ Peace.

extremest limit so that a man begs himself in order to give, there is no ethical value in his action if love is lacking. That is, love is not an activity but something that lies behind it and gives it character.

There is an apparent contradiction between these two authorities, but it is more seeming than real. Jesus would have agreed with Paul that actions in themselves, even on the heroic scale, do not carry moral worth. He, of all great teachers, saw most clearly into that background of impulse and motive that lies behind action, and insisted that ethical value is to be found in purpose rather than in deed. This is assumed in the Good Samaritan story. The picture is that of a man acting against the promptings of racial prejudice in the spirit of true humanity. The situation is such that no selfish consideration could explain the Samaritan's action. His love was not an emotion, nor was it an action divorced from its springs in the man's soul; it was his deed as expressive of the man himself. Though Paul shows that action in itself, though wearing the features of love, may be loveless and therefore without worth, he does not picture love as a mere feeling but as a mighty moral dynamic. The angle of vision of Jesus and Paul differ, but they agree in regarding love as a spiritual energy. Its emotional quality will vary according to circumstances and to temperament and to the nature of the bond between the two parties. It may be slight, it may be intense and torrential; but in either case the core of reality is not in the feeling, it is in the will and is seen in the attitude and action which it inspires. Personality is one and indivisible save in abstract thought. Love is essentially a right disposition of the whole man towards a given person.

It is often helpful to the forming of a true concept to try to define its contradictory, to reach a positive through the back door of its negative. What is the contradictory of love? Not hatred. Not to love a person does not imply to hate him. Love and hatred are both positive attitudes, and while they seem opposed to each other they are not necessarily even that. It is quite possible to love and hate at the same time, and the ease with which the one can pass into the other has often been noted. Is indifference the contradictory of love? Evidently not, for it does not cover the whole ground unoccupied by love. I may hate or despise or respect a person whom I do not love; in which case I am not indifferent to him.

The contradictory to love which is usually set up by moralists is selfishness or egotism. That brings us nearer to the truth, but it seems to me to need serious qualification. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour *as thyself*.' Are the last two words of that commandment meaningless, or is there a self-love which is innocent and even virtuous? The 'self' or 'ego', whatever it may in its ultimate essence prove to be, is that from which I can never escape. I have a peculiar responsibility for it. Through it all my inner experiences are realized and all my outer reactions expressed. Self-consciousness is a late refinement of consciousness, and all the higher spiritual activities spring out of it. To treat the self as something that is to be utterly forgotten, sacrificed, denied is to break with the realities of existence and to set up an impossible moral standard.

Romantic literature sometimes introduces a woman who surrenders herself absolutely to her love for a man, and this utter sacrifice of herself — this sweeping away of all considerations of self by the torrent of her love — is represented as something fine. It is unwise to generalize as to how far a woman is justified

in sacrificing herself for the man she loves. Circumstances must be taken into account. It would be unjust to brand such self-abandon as mere passion; but it is evident that it may lead to the loss of precious personal and moral values — may indeed lead to moral ruin. Romantic love, however pure it may be, cannot be made the justification for whatever sacrificial action it may prompt. There is something beautiful in the way in which a daughter will sometimes immolate herself for her parents, or a mother for her children. But in some cases it is questionable whether the daughter would not have acted more wisely had she considered herself a little, and whether the mother has not robbed her sacrifice of some of its value by smothering her own personality. It is true that such words as self-respect, self-expression and so on may be abused to cover a sinful selfishness; but, on the other hand, unless these words are to be treated as meaningless or as having a bad meaning they must connote something real and good.

Love is not the mere negation of self, but that idea may help us to a truer understanding of it. Over against each individual stands the universe, the whole remainder of existence. There are two opposite ways of reacting to what is outside us. The one is the way of separation and exclusion. Here am I, on this side of the line; there is the rest of reality, on the other side of the line. I am other than it, cut off from it; I must fight it for my own purposes. The other way is that of union and inclusion. I am part of the whole; I find my true life in fellowship with that which lies beyond the limits of my own personality. The self is not suppressed, it is surrendered — surrendered to the 'beyond' which thus becomes the 'within'. That attitude is love. Limited as we are it is not usually to the whole 'beyond' that we thus react. We see it in fragments. We love here or there. But love is the inclusive, unifying attitude, and its nearest contradictory is self-centredness.

It is sometimes said that love is self-giving. That is true, but not the whole truth. Love is a response that includes both giving and receiving. It is so even in God. He gives — gives lavishly, gives sacrificially. But He seeks love from His children and, in a way which we cannot understand or explain, He is gratified by the very imperfect love that we offer Him. Still more must it be so with us. Love is spiritual exchange, the currency of the Kingdom of God. It is not only the outgoing of our own hearts to others in sympathy and service, it is the readiness to receive the sympathy and service offered to us in the same spirit. Pride is one of the forms of self-assertion, and love is its negation.

It is a pity that the word 'love' has in current thought and speech come to be so closely attached to sexual love. In so far as the mutual love of a man and a woman is truly love — a spiritual exchange — it belongs to the province of love. But it has special characteristics. Nature has seen fit, for purposes of her own, to link this passion to a powerful instinct. The instinct may work alone and is then known as lust. But in the purest relationships of this kind the instinct is operative, and gives a peculiar character to the love thus awakened. Romantic love is selective. It is not always directed to one object only, for it is quite possible for a man to love two or more women in this way at the same time. Perhaps also for a woman to love two or more men, though for certain natural reasons that is rarer. But the tendency in human evolution has been for love of this kind to focus itself on one object, and monogamy has become the established law, with the highest moral sanctions, in all advanced civilizations.

These teleological and exclusive elements in sexual love set it in a class apart.

It is a well-known postulate of physics that influence cannot be exerted by one body upon another body unless there is some sort of connection between the two; energy cannot pass through a vacuum. So some kind of contiguity seems to be necessary to the spiritual energy of love. In earlier days that meant actual personal touch, chiefly because other media were of so slight a nature as to offer little opportunity to love. Love might persist in absence, but it could not begin under such a condition. Even now most of us find it very difficult to love strangers — those whom we do not know and with whom our bond is simply that of our common humanity or a scarcely recognized economic interest. It is chiefly the influence of Christianity, aided by all those modern conditions which are drawing the nations together and making the world small, that has led to an extension of love to distant and unknown peoples. Its finest expression is seen in Christian missions. Even so there is a certain relation between closeness of relationship and intensity of love. The average Englishman had little concern for the Chinese when they were fighting a lonely war against the invading Japs; now that their struggle has become one with ours in a great world effort to defeat aggressive tyranny his interest in the Chinese has been greatly strengthened. Of course contiguity does not necessarily make for love; it may just as easily make for hatred. There are such things as family feuds. The present war has arisen out of the fact that nations have pressed against each other too closely. Contiguity excites sympathies and antipathies. When the heart has been refined by religious and Christian influences, so that love has become its very nature, contiguity gives love its chance of expression.

A distinction needs to be noted between the concrete and the abstract. Love of family is not necessarily love of the persons who constitute the family. A man may love his wife and each one of his children in a personal way, the love in each case being characterized by its own special quality, without having any strong family feeling. On the other hand he may have a passionate attachment to his family without having any strong affection for any of its individual members. Love of country does not mean love of one's fellow-citizens. It is quite possible for a man to be intensely and truly patriotic while heartily disliking a good many of his compatriots, and he may have a friend in an enemy country to whom he is more deeply attached than to any of his own countrymen. His patriotism is directed to an abstraction which gathers up into itself and symbolizes a great many things that he holds dear. There is a humanitarianism which has no particular regard for individuals as such, but leads to interest in human causes, sometimes passionate and sacrificial interest that may be far removed from self-interest. Every Mrs. Jellyby is not a hypocrite.

The wider love is sometimes represented as an extension of the narrower love of relatives and friends. But that is not so; it is a different quality of love. The two kinds may be found in the same person; he may be a devoted father, a loyal friend and a passionate internationalist at the same time. But frequently we find one without the other. This man loves (or hates) the people he meets, but causes do not attract him. That man is genuinely concerned for the welfare of the world or of some large section of it, but evinces no deep love for those near to him. This difference of temperament leads to curious results, and to many misunderstandings and misjudgments. The big-hearted, unimaginative

person who cannot say 'no' to a beggar but feels no interest in human movements and the socialist who is keen for social justice but not very responsive to immediate personal need are apt to use strong language about each other. The one is narrow, the other selfish. They both love, but in each case the love is defective. Christian love embraces love of humanity and love of Tom, Dick and Harry.

Love was defined as a spiritual energy making for unity with the whole. Its nature is inclusive. But love blends with the other qualities that make up character, and in the impure and imperfect forms in which it is found in human life it is often fiercely exclusive. And the wider the love, short of the universal, the more dangerous and cruel is its expression likely to be as regards the excluded section. Absolute personal selfishness is rare. Very few people love themselves exclusively, and while such selfishness is degrading to the individual and unpleasant for other people it is seldom that it proves very devastating. Family love is much more common and often leads to an intense desire to promote the interests of one's own family without any consideration of other families. G. K. Chesterton has said that the motive force behind the inhumanities of commercial competition is love of babies — love, that is, of one's own babies, leading to the determination to secure their welfare at all costs. The wider love of country has always been apt to resolve itself into a narrow patriotism — 'my country right or wrong' — and lies behind war with all its horrors. Love is a mighty force, and therefore dangerous; until all its exclusions have been resolved it may inspire to great crimes as well as to great heroisms and bring death as well as life.

Jesus summed up the moral law in the twofold principle of supreme love to God and a love of one's fellow of the same quality as one's love of self. Love of the ideal and love of the individual. To attain to such a love is the Christian aim, and it is a difficult and hazardous quest. 'The heart of man is deceitful above all things', whether or not it is desperately wicked. Every advance brings new temptations. The more complicated life becomes and the wider its relationships the deeper and more intricate are the problems of conduct that emerge. Love is undoubtedly the way to perfectness for the individual and for society, but the way is not easy to find and when found not easy to tread. Man would be powerless were he not the son of God; life would be hopeless did not Calvary lie in the centre of its history.

E. B. STORR

THE WEIMAR BOSWELL

AMONG the books which English readers for a century and more have taken to their hearts, which arouse a chorus of appreciation and delight, none holds a securer place than Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Is it not a singular fact that in such a circle the Boswell of Weimar has gained so scant a recognition? Must the insularity of our taste be held accountable? In Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe* we have a storehouse of wisdom which might well overleap national frontiers and claim its place beside the immortal Boswell. At such a time as this especially is it a rare refreshment of spirit, a nourishing

of faith and hope for mankind, to appeal from the hideous nightmare of Nazism to the serenity and grace that breathe through every page of this fascinating record of the closing years of the Sage of Weimar.

Eckermann's own story is itself so arresting that it may well detain us for a moment. Born, as he himself tells us, in 'nothing better than a hut', the son of a peasant who earned a precarious livelihood as a pedlar of ribbons, thread, and silk, the boy early exhibited capacities far beyond the ordinary. To attain indeed, from such beginnings, by the age of thirty-five, the position of unrivalled intimacy and friendship with the greatest literary figure in the Europe of his day, argues no common qualities of intellect and character. Eckermann would seem, in every conceivable respect save one, to have presented the sharpest contrast to his Scottish prototype the young laird of Auchinleck. But that one feature which they shared in common, their unbounded reverence for, and attachment to, their self-chosen masters, suffices to link the two men for all time in the world of European literature. Pleasant it would be to linger on the picture of that humble interior, where the boy, seated at the table where sits also his father smoking, is seized with the impulse to draw the horse that decorates his father's packet of tobacco; pleasant to follow his fluctuating fortunes as clerk, soldier, law-student, poet and dramatist, up to the moment when, greatly daring, he lays the manuscript of his drama in the hands of Goethe. But that moment proved the beginning of a greater work than any drama Eckermann was to compose, and to his personal intercourse with Goethe we must pass.

The *Conversations*, begun in 1822, when Goethe was seventy-three and Eckermann himself about thirty, cover the last nine years of Goethe's life. Amid the bewildering abundance afforded for our choice, let us select first three glimpses of Goethe the man.

'This evening for some moments at Goethe's . . . I found him surrounded by his grandson Wolf and the Countess Caroline Egloffstein, his intimate friend. Wolf gave his dear grandfather a great deal of trouble. He climbed about him, and sat now upon one shoulder and now upon another. Goethe bore all with the utmost gentleness. . . .

"But dear Wolf," said the Countess, "do not torment your good grandfather so terribly. He must be quite tired with your weight."

"That does not matter", said Wolf, "we shall soon go to bed, and then my grandfather will have time enough to recover from his fatigue."

"You see", rejoined Goethe, "that love is always somewhat of an impertinent nature."

Again. The library at Jena University needed enlargement. Thirteen thousand volumes lay in heaps on the floor. Adjoining the library was a large room standing empty, but used occasionally by the medical faculty for their conferences. A courteous application by Goethe for the use of this room was rejected by the doctors.

'There now remained no other course but to enter as a conqueror. I therefore sent for a bricklayer, and took him into the library, before the wall of the said adjoining room. "This wall, my friend," said I, "must be very thick, for it separates two different parts of the dwelling: just try how strong it is." The bricklayer went to work and scarcely had he given five or six hearty blows, when bricks and mortar fell

in, and one could see, through the opening, some venerable perukes with which the room had been decorated. "Go on, my friend," said I, "I cannot yet see clearly enough. Do not restrain yourself, but act just as if you were in your own house." This friendly encouragement so animated the bricklayer, that the opening was soon large enough to serve perfectly for a door; when my library attendants rushed into the room each with an armful of books, which they threw upon the ground as a sign of possession.'

Very pleasant, surely, too, is the picture of the aged sage poring delightedly over the pages of his great contemporary, Sir Walter Scott. Eckermann has been reading *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

'Ah!' cries Goethe with animation. 'Excellent, is it not? There is finish! there is a hand! What a firm foundation for the whole, and in particulars not a touch which does not lead to the catastrophe! Then, what details of dialogue and description. . . His scenes and situations are like pictures by Teniers; in the arrangement they show the summit of art, the individual figures have a speaking truth, and the execution is extended with artistical love to the minutest details. . .'

And so on, for a page and a half of loving and minute appreciation.

The amazing breadth and catholicity of Goethe's mind find ample illustration in these pages. On one occasion Eckermann speaks of his delight in archery, and Goethe enters with gusto into his young companion's account of it all. Or Eckermann has been studying the habits of birds, and Goethe listens with tireless interest to all his friend has to tell him :

'All that I have heard concerning the cuckoo,' said Goethe, 'excites in me a great interest in this wonderful bird. It is of a highly problematical nature, a manifest mystery, but not the less difficult to interpret because it is so manifest. And with how many things do we not find ourselves in the same predicament? We stand in mere wonderment, and the best part of things is closed to us. Let us take the bees. We see them fly for miles after honey, and always in a different direction . . . But who has said to them, "Now fly thither, there is something for you"? . . . But go on and tell me something more. Is it known how many eggs the cuckoo lays?'

And Eckermann goes on, heaping story upon story of the feathered creatures and their ways, until

'That is one of the best ornithological stories I have ever heard,' said Goethe. 'I drink success to you, and good luck to your investigations. Whoever hears that and does not believe in God will not be aided by Moses and the prophets. That is what I call the omnipresence of the Deity, who has everywhere spread and implanted a portion of his endless love, and has intimated even in the brute as a germ, that which only blossoms to perfection in noble man.'

There is an exquisite freshness and eagerness, as of a little child, in the way this mighty thinker, at once the oldest and wisest of the Europe of his day, drinks in the tokens of God's goodness in the natural creation.

What, then, the reader may ask, was Goethe's attitude, in his old age, to the Christian Faith, and to those cardinal doctrines of the Faith which the Church esteems as of such paramount importance? And some of us must be prepared for disappointment as we study the indications these Conversations afford. Goethe's attitude towards immortality, for example, is curious. He is almost, we feel, too sure about it. Or sure on too shallow grounds.

'Man should believe in immortality; he has a right to this belief; it corresponds with the wants of his nature, and he may believe in the promises of religion. But if the philosopher tries to deduce the immortality of the soul from a legend, that is very weak and inefficient. To me, the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity; if I work on incessantly until my death, nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit.'

And again:

'I would by no means dispense with the happiness of believing in a future existence, and indeed, would say, with Lorenzo de Medici, that those are dead even for this life who hope for no other. But such incomprehensible matters lie too far off to be a theme of daily meditation, and thought-distracting speculation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, he has no reason to give himself airs about it.'

The fact is these last remarks were uttered in recollection of a time when immortality had been on everybody's lips in connection with the publication of a popular German work; and the ears of Goethe had been tormented by cheap and shallow chatter against which his spirit revolted. It speaks much for the sweetness and serenity of Goethe's nature that this is perhaps the solitary instance in all these six hundred pages when speech of his takes on a cutting edge of irony and contempt:

'I met stupid women, who plumed themselves on believing, with Tiedge, in immortality, and I was forced to bear much dark examination on this point. They were vexed by my saying I should be well pleased, if after the close of this life, we were blessed with another, only I hoped I should hereafter meet none of those who had believed in it here. For how I should be tormented! The pious would throng around me, and say "Were we not right? Did we not predict it? Has not it happened just as we said?" And so there would be ennui without end even in the other world.'

'Stupid women, who plumed themselves on believing . . .' One recalls, by contrast, that page from Myers' *Essay on George Eliot* which, says Sir Edmund Gosse, 'NO anthology of nineteenth-century prose should omit'.

'I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men, — the words *God, Immortality, Duty*, — pronounced with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing Law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned toward me like a Sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates.'

But let us assign to Goethe himself the last word here on this tremendous theme.

'At the age of seventy-five,' continued he, with much cheerfulness, 'one must, of course, think sometimes of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness, for I am fully convinced that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which in reality never sets, but shines on unceasingly.'

And Christ?

'If I am asked whether it is in my nature to pay Him devout reverence, I say — certainly! I bow before Him as the divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to revere the Sun, I again say — certainly! For he is likewise a manifestation of the highest Being, and indeed the most powerful which we children of earth are allowed to behold. . . .'

Such language is far removed from the passionate adoration of a Bernard of Clairvaux or an Alexander Whyte. And it may be doubted whether, for all his width and richness, no less of moral than of intellectual culture, Goethe ever knew the experience that opens the Cross, in all its abysmal depths of love and power, to the soul. But that Goethe had a rich, deep, and settled faith in God and Immortality none can question who have read these pages.

Our space is gone; the poor handfuls we have gleaned seem pitifully meagre against the rich stores left untouched; enough if we have tempted other gleaners to explore so bountiful a treasure-house.

F. H. LOWTHER

THE REVOLT AGAINST SECTARIANISM

A Reply to the Rev. N. J. McLellan¹

MR. McLELLAN has paid me the compliment of using an article I wrote for the *News Chronicle* about three years ago as a taking-off ground for a flight of his own. I wish that before doing so he could have paid me the further compliment of reading the article, for, had he done so, he would have spared me the uncongenial task of 'mending his errors', and he might have spread his wings to better advantage. Yet I would not chide him too much for his omission. I recognize that even a cursory reading of my article would have meant the elision of his opening paragraphs, perhaps even the sacrifice of his whole essay in its present form; and for one who knows the difficulty of getting the right opening for a composition *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*.

Yet I must say a word or two in self-defence. It is a minor point that there was no reference in my article to Dr. Temple's plan for a federated Europe, M. Daladier's being the plan mentioned; but it reveals the elasticity of Mr. McLellan's imputative genius. That same genius credits me with 'pointing out' that this plan could be nothing but an idealistic dream until 'the various factions of the Church had swept away the barriers which divide them and had found a focal point of union'. I cannot accept responsibility for 'pointing out' anything of the sort. I do not think of the various denominations as *factions*, and have never so described them. And what could anyone really mean by the phrase 'finding a focal point of union' in relation to the Church which is the Body of Christ? Biscuit-makers might find 'a focal point of union' in some agreement drawn up by their solicitors and accepted by a majority, but the Church is not a merely human institution that can guide its own affairs by *finding* formulae agreeable to majorities. 'It is now freely admitted', says Mr. McLellan, 'by the leaders of all denominations that the finest and surest gesture the Churches could make to a divided, distraught and bewildered world would be to show them a glorious example of unity.' But unity is not a matter of fine gestures,

¹ See *London Quarterly*, July 1942.

nor is it something that the admissions of denominational leaders can make right or wrong, timely or untimely. Church leaders may admit that union would be good or they may say that 'the time is not ripe'. But the Church must not be guided by the opinions of leaders any more than by the votes of majorities. 'In the last resort', said M. Yaroslavsky to the Russian people a few weeks ago, 'there is nothing stronger than man. It is man who decides the course of the world.' But the Church cannot accept that view. The Church is not a human institution. She is the Body of Christ, the continuation of His incarnation in the world. She is guided by her Lord. She is also under His judgment. For He, Christ, is the head and under him, as the entire body is welded together and compacted by every joint with which it is supplied, the due activity of each part enables the Body to grow and build itself up in love.

Is union the will of Christ? Can a divided Church really continue the incarnation? Can a divided Church preach the Gospel of love? These seem to me to be the important questions. And I have no personal doubt about the answers. I cannot doubt that it is the will of Christ that His Church on earth should be one, even as He is one. I know that a divided Church cannot preach to the world the whole Gospel of the love of Christ. *Αγάπη σχίσμα οὐκ ἔχει*, wrote Clement to the Corinthians; Love admits no schism, and the Church in division is not true to that ideal. Then, if a divided Church is contrary to the will of Christ, if it cannot continue His incarnation on earth, if it cannot preach His Gospel fully, to live in schism is to live in sin. And our duty as Churches is not to 'find a focal point of union' but to repent, seek the forgiveness of God, and begin *at once* to amend our lives and be in perfect charity with all men. The word of Christ to an individual sinner was not, Go thy way and wait until it is convenient for you to give up that sin. It was, Go thy way, and sin no more. And can any of us imagine that He offers different guidance to His Church? If we wait until we can 'find a focal point of union', I can see little hope of union in the next thousand years. If we repent, and turn to Christ, I can see great hope now. And indeed, to be fair to him, Mr. McLellan does say something like this in his final paragraph, but it seems sadly out of harmony with much else that he says.

But Mr. McLellan's chief complaint is that my article 'gave the misleading impression that the main point at issue was the validity of the "Orders" of the various "Free Church Ministers" as seen through the eyes of the Anglican body.' (Apropos, I am intrigued by Mr. McLellan's provision of inverted commas for the Free Church Ministers and not for the Anglican body.) Yet my article could not have given the impression to anyone who had read it that 'the main point at issue' was 'the exact position of the Priest in the life of the Church'. My article was a brief plea, in about a thousand words, for Federation as a preparation for deeper Union. I do not believe in Federation as a goal, because it implies the acceptance of permanent division in the Body of Christ. Perhaps I may be permitted to point out that my article was written for a popular daily paper and that questions of space and appropriateness prevented any profound discussion of the nature of the Church. What my article did say, however, was:

How can a divided Church create a united world? The question is its own answer. As it is to-day, the Christian Church has not even the faintest hope of leading the world toward a Christian civilization. Unless the Church shows the world a working

model of the unity it asks the nations to achieve, it must give up its claim to lead the civilization of the future . . . I challenge all the Bishops and Free Church Leaders in Britain to produce one *Christian* reason why the Protestant Churches of this country at least should not be federated before the end of this year. No vital Christian doctrine divides them. They all worship the same Christ. What, then, prevents Federation? Prestige? Prejudice? Finance?

Prestige and prejudice would, in a moment, be sent packing to Hell, where they belong, if the Churches really meant business. And, given an atmosphere of goodwill, and surely there ought to be goodwill in the Church, the question of finance could be speedily settled.

I then suggested an exchange of ministers between all the Churches, Anglican and Free alike. The idea in my mind was an exchange of pastorates for fairly long periods to enable the people of the various Churches to realize that we all have the same commission and all preach the same Gospel. It was under this head that the question of Orders was mentioned, and what I said was:

The question of ordination need not create any difficulty, if we look at it aright. We all know that no Church or Bishop can really ordain a minister. A minister is ordained by God, or he is not ordained at all. What each Church does is to recognize that ordination in its own way. For myself, I am willing to accept any ordination by any Bishop or Congregation or Body of Elders that represents a Christian Church, if it will help towards that Federation of the Churches that is vitally necessary for the life of Christianity in the world.

Now that paragraph may contain errors that are hidden from my insight, but it certainly does not give the impression, especially in the light of what went before it, that the main point at issue 'is the validity of the "Orders" of the various "Free Church Ministers" as seen through the eyes of the Anglican body'.

Yet had it actually given that impression, there would have been ample justification. In the very book that Mr. McLellan quotes so approvingly, *The Church of England*, Bishop Hensley Henson writes: 'The official attitude of the Church of England still involves an exclusive claim for the episcopal ministry which has hitherto wrecked every serious attempt at Home Reunion' (p. 254). And on the Lambeth *Appeal* of 1920 he goes so far as to say: 'That appeal is expressed in the language of penitence, of fraternity, of an unaccustomed open-mindedness, of a brave spiritual versatility. But there is ambiguity in it, and, perhaps, a lack of perfect candour. . . . The natural assumption, that forms of ecclesiastical polity were not henceforth to be included in the essentials of Christianity, which commended the Address to the acceptance of the Protestant denominations, was nowise accordant with that insistence on *episcopacy as alone ultimately permissible, which conditioned the votes of many, perhaps most, of the bishops who voted for it at Lambeth.*' On the same *Appeal*, Miss C. M. Adey, in her interesting volume, *The English Church* (1940), says: 'The crux of the problem lay in the last point brought forward (i.e. "A ministry acknowledged by every part of the Church as possessing not only the inward call of the Spirit, but also the commission of Christ, and the authority of the whole body"), the question of a ministry which would be recognized as authoritative throughout a united Church. It is obvious that differences between those, on the one hand, who believe that a valid ministry can only be based on bishops having unbroken succession from the Apostles, and others who hold that the conception of the

Church involves no specially ordained ministry at all, cannot be overcome by means of negotiation or compromise. Humanly speaking, they are irreconcilable. *The standpoint of the Church of England on this question is more plainly expressed in its corporate action than in its formularies. . . .* The question is one on which Anglican opinion is sharply divided. Some maintain that bishops are a desirable but not an essential element in Church order, and favour free communion among all Christians. Others hold contrary opinions. *These last are supported in their beliefs by the fact that the Church, in all its dealings with other Christian communions, has acted as if the doctrines which it does not state explicitly were those which it upheld and taught.* I do not think that much doubt can remain in the mind of anyone who studies the position realistically that the question of 'Orders' and the whole idea of the Church included under episcopacy is still the greatest barrier to union between the Anglican and the Free Churches. Mr. McLellan surely admits this himself, when he says, towards the end of his essay, 'to find unity on the questions of the Sacraments and Christ's orders would be a long and laborious task; would be to follow a will-o'-the-wisp'. He does not explain what keeps the Free Churches apart. He does not even seem to realize it needs an explanation.

I should not attempt in the space at my disposal, even if I were qualified to do so, to deal with Mr. McLellan's interpretation of the origins of our divisions. The elements of Nationalism, Humanism, and Anti-clericalism were so mingled with higher elements in the Reformation movements both in Germany and England that even the greatest specialists find it impossible entirely to disentangle them (*vide* Lindsay, *The Reformation in Germany*, p. 375). It is questionable whether Luther ever intended to form a separate Church. 'It is fairly certain that Knox dissuaded English Puritans from secession' (C.M.H. vol. ii, p. 592). It is certainly untrue that Wesley 'left the Church of England because that institution in identifying itself so closely with the state and with the policy of governments had become a branch of the world's body' or that in his eyes 'the National Church had laid its major emphasis on the word "National" and in so doing had ceased to be a Church'. Wesley fought all his life against separation from the Church of England, and it was certainly not the best elements in early Methodism that were in favour of separation. Under the date of January 2, 1787, when Methodism had been in existence almost fifty years, he writes in his *Journal*: 'I went over to Deptford; but, it seemed, *I was got into a den of lions*. Most of the leading men of the society were mad for separating from the Church. I endeavoured to reason with them, but in vain; *they had neither sense nor good manners left*. At length, after meeting the whole society, I told them: "If you are resolved, you may have your service in Church hours; but, remember, *from that time you will see my face no more*".' In 1776, so far was he from a desire to separate from the National Church that he made this extraordinarily revealing statement in his *Journal*: 'I see clearer and clearer, none will keep with us unless they keep to the Church. Whoever separates from the Church will separate also from the Methodists.'

It will be more profitable, perhaps, to examine Mr. McLellan's positive suggestions. And, first, although he thinks I am 'like the small boy who got the right answer to the problem, although the remainder of his calculations were all wrong', he does agree I have got the right answer. Union, he thinks, is a

necessity for the bearing of Christ's testimony to mankind. 'But', he says, 'it still remains a fact that the dividing rivers (they become 'grounds' and 'ditches' later in the essay) from which Sectarianism originated and which still clamour for our varying loyalties are much more important than the exact significance of the Priest in the life of the Church.' He then points with pleasure to the 'affectionate tolerance' of Bishop Hensley Henson towards Free Churchmen (though a few paragraphs further on he speaks of the 'acrimony' and 'childish petulance' of the same good Bishop towards those same Free Churchmen), and draws from this the uncertain conclusion that 'so far as the clergy are concerned it would be no difficult task to create a "Federal" Union based on principles to which all would freely subscribe'. But this, in his opinion, is no justification for union. 'Sectarianism must go to-day, not because there is a public outcry for it, nor because the ecclesiastics of all sects now look more favourably on each other, *but because the grounds on which denominationalism was built, the ideals for which our fathers suffered and died, have either disappeared or have won the loyalty of all sects.*' I expected him to go on to say at this point that those ideals have not yet either disappeared or won the loyalty of all sects, but he goes on: 'There was a time when the Church, in division, bore a definite, distinctive witness, but that time is past. It is now time for the Church to reunite and reconstitute itself as the Universal Holy Catholic Church in order to bear testimony of Christ's way to mankind in the modern world.' So the *dividing rivers* have ceased to *clamour*! Why, then, does Mr. McLellan wish us to *rediscover* them?

If I understand him aright, and I must confess I find him very difficult to understand, Mr. McLellan is chiefly concerned lest in our zeal for union we sacrifice 'the ideals for which our fathers suffered and died'. He does not really believe, although he says so, that these ideals have either disappeared or won universal loyalty. He believes that all sects alike have sunk into a dull conformity with the world. We have 'a common fundamental delusion', he says, 'that there exists any difference between us and the world'. (Although it is not strictly germane, I cannot allow this statement to pass without challenge. I have been an 'outsider' and an 'insider'. I have found much within the Church far from ideal, and I have never been slow to criticize it. Yet, in justice, I must say that I have found far more genuine love and sacrifice, far more people who were prepared to deny themselves for the larger good, inside the Church than I ever found outside of it.) Membership of the Church to-day, Mr. McLellan thinks, does not mean holiness, in most Churches it means only respectability. But he sees no way in which the standard of membership can be raised because the Psychology of the Unconscious 'has made the task of evaluating individual religious experience one of such supreme difficulty that even experts refuse to pronounce any ultimate judgments'. But surely this is extraordinary naïveté on the part of an experienced minister. One would have thought that the Psychology of the Unconscious in so far as it can claim to be a science would have made evaluation easier. Practically, it has not altered things at all. 'Nowadays', says Mr. McLellan, 'such judgment as is passed by a group of elders or a Church meeting is usually based on the candidate's character and life, rather than because he has given any verbal evidence of his experience of conversion.' Has it not always been so? Has not the human heart always been deceitful? Who knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of the man which is

in him? By their fruits, not by their roots, ye shall know them. But Mr. McLellan sees the Free Churches, moithered by the Psychology of the Unconscious and weakened by general slackness, sunk to the level of the Catholic Churches. 'This general tendency has surely lowered the significance of the great ideal which once separated us from the Catholic Churches' [*sic*]. 'They are not religious people', said a Congregationalist lady to me one day in Bournemouth, referring to a family that lived in the same road, '*they don't even go to the Church of England*'. So 'the attainment of a higher stage of holiness which provided the initial impulse for our separation (and which) is the only logical justification for its maintenance' having failed of attainment, we are all, I suppose, unspiritual enough to unite.

Summed up, then, Mr. McLellan's argument seems to be: Schisms were created by a desire for greater holiness. But schisms have not achieved holiness. The Free Churches are no more holy than the Anglicans or the Romans. Our divisions have lost their *raison d'être*. What, then, are we to do? Logic would seem to indicate a new schism in a new search for holiness, the creation of a new sect to add to the four hundred odd Protestant sects already in existence. But Mr. McLellan does not advocate that course. He thinks we ought to unite. But he also thinks we ought not to unite unless we can unite in holiness. Yet 'when, and only when, the Church is "One" will she become truly "Holy"'. But 'only when she is "Holy" will she become truly democratic and elect real saints as leaders who will "accelerate the trend towards unity"—the unity that must come before the holiness can be achieved that will produce the saintly leaders who will accelerate the trend. . . .' It is all very bewildering. Meantime, the Churches, unable to achieve unity in their own sphere of religion, are to achieve it in the sphere of international ethics. Although Mr. McLellan tells us that 'it must be as obvious to those on the field of play as it is to the spectator that the Church can give little help to the mighty tasks of rebuilding international and social relationships when it has not solved these problems for itself', he still thinks they could achieve a scheme of peace for the nations to follow. So, once again, the Churches are to find unity not by returning to Christ, not by facing their own sins in His presence and repenting of them, but by repenting for other people's sins and showing them the way in which they ought to walk, by creating a peace formula that will appeal to the majority of the peoples of the earth. And on the top of all this the war is going to act as a *deus ex machina* that may 'generate some great movements that will fling down the barriers'. If Mr. McLellan really believes that anything of this kind can really happen, he is like the little boy whose calculations were all wrong and who also got the wrong answer. This summing up is not complete, for when Mr. McLellan endeavours to delineate a Church, that can 'win the confidence and loyalty of the great outside public',

I avert my face, nor follow him.

For this is the Holy Church as he sees it: 'When the sects cease to advance credal tests or the tests of experience (which can become quite as stereotyped as dogmas) and let it be understood that the Church was created by a certain experience and stands for a definite attitude towards life, the tragic drift of youth from our influence will be brought to a halt. Such a Church will indeed

be "Holy", i.e. separated from the world by the power to keep burning in the hearts of her members a fire which will purge all the baser elements of life. . . . This may mean the abandoning of creeds and experimental evidence as tests, but it means expressing them as great historic affirmations which will guide her faith on matters once challenged.' Is not that statement, in Mr. Chesterton's phrase, 'a rout of reason'?

I agree most heartily with Mr. McLellan when he says, 'Capitulation of all bodies to one is not enough, we must find reconciliation', though his insistence on 'all the contributing parts' being given 'full representation' seems to me more like the spirit of a political coalition than Christian people seeking to obey their Lord. But how and where are we to find reconciliation? In attempts to frame peace policies? Or in penitence at the feet of Jesus? I value as much as any man the loyalty of our fathers to the faith, but it is not from them that we shall gather the strength we need to face our modern tasks. Our fathers, even the best of them, were but men; their insight was as limited as ours; they often contended for non-essentials as well as for essentials. I would draw Mr. McLellan's attention to the following quotation from a Confession that, unless his name belies his nationality, must mean as much to him as to me. 'When controversie then happines for the right understanding of ony place or sentence of Scripture, or for the reformation of ony abuse within the Kirk of God, *we ought not sa meikle to luke what men before us have said or done*, as unto that quhilk the hailie Ghaist uniformlie speakes within the body of the Scriptures, and unto that quhilk Christ Jesus himself did, and command to be done' (Scottish Confession, 1560). Is Christ Jesus our Lord calling His Church on earth to unity? If He is, we must repent, and obey at once. If He is not, we are wasting time discussing the matter; and I must try to 'make them all Methodists'.

As I see it, the matter is urgent. The concluding paragraph of my *News Chronicle* article said:

The time for long-drawn-out polite conferences is over. The time for action has come. If the Christian Church has any vital inner unity, now is the time to display it to the world. But it must be done at once, or it will be too late.

I feel that urgency even more deeply now than I did then. I visualize the world that will be after the war, with problems far greater and spiritual needs far more intense than those that followed the last war, and I know that a divided Church will never cope with them. If we had been brought to repentance and therefore to unity during the last war, the post-war picture would have been very different. But we did nothing real. We made no serious attempt to prepare for the tasks that we knew lay ahead of us. Are we going to sin again in the same way? That is the vital question as I see it.

(*The italics throughout the article are mine.*)

JAMES MACKAY

MATTHEW ARNOLD TO-DAY

OF all the nineteenth-century prophets who pronounced upon the condition of England, Matthew Arnold knew his England best. His work took him all over the country and made him intimately acquainted with every class of society'. So writes Professor Dover Wilson in his admirable Introduction

to *Culture and Anarchy*. Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch has also said that Arnold stands (apart from his literary achievement) as an example of the Englishman at his best. To-day there seems to be a revival of interest in Arnold, and many of us feel that he had not only something to say to his own century but also much for our own. This view is strengthened if we belong to those whose pride it is to share his liberal beliefs and who still belong to those whom he most often criticized — the Nonconformists. No important English critic had such close contact with the Dissenters as did Arnold. Yet however much we sympathize with the views expressed above and with Arnold's 'criticism of life', we are nearly always attacked with irritation as we read his works, and find ourselves agreeing with Sir Walter Raleigh who said, 'In a certain sense Arnold's attitude to English literature was that of a foreigner . . . There is no evidence at all that he ever understood the English character . . . His defect as a critic of England is that he had too little affection for England.' Before attempting to balance these diverse views, let us look quickly at his life and background.

Matthew Arnold, the eldest son of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, was born in 1822, and educated at Winchester and Rugby before going on to Oxford in 1841. Six years later he became private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, President of the Council, who in 1851 made him an Inspector of Schools. He held this position for the next thirty-five years, and was twice sent abroad to make reports on the Education given in France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland. It was during the busy years of his early inspectorate that he wrote most of his poetry for which in 1857 he was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His poetry and the publication of his *Essays in Criticism* brought him literary fame, but with the publication of *Culture and Anarchy* as a book in 1869 he devoted most of his energy to prose works on theology, criticism, and general English life. He resigned his inspectorate in 1886 and died two years later.

For any understanding of Arnold, however, it is necessary to consider the chief influences on his life, the first and most important of which was that of his parents. His mother was a remarkable woman with a keen intellectual sympathy with her son, and to her he wrote his most revealing letters throughout most of his life. Few people could meet Thomas Arnold without being influenced, and though Matthew Arnold differed from his father in many respects, he was obviously profoundly affected by him. From him he acquired his intellectual honesty and high sense of duty, his belief in true education, and something of his liberal outlook in theology and politics. Behind much of his work seems to be the ideal figure of Thomas Arnold, though his son is often unaware of it. This is, of course, most clearly seen in the poem *Rugby Chapel* when he professes his faith that his father's strong soul is in some place still practising

that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm.

These virtues are constantly appearing in Arnold's poems as the hopes for men who seemed distracted and full of weakness, weariness, and languor. Order and courage return to men because of those who have the virtues of Thomas Arnold: strength, firmness, zeal, and vision.

Many of his early holidays were spent in the Lake District under 'the very shadow of Wordsworth' whose poetry and ideals strongly influenced him, but it was Oxford that had the abiding effect on all his work. Arnold was at Oxford

when the influence of Newman was at its peak, and though Newman's theological views seem to have had only slight effect, he caught from him his love of Oxford itself 'whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the middle ages'. For Arnold it always remained the peak of beauty, 'lovely at all times'. When in drab streets he closed his eyes, his vision was of

that sweet City, with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

With Newman too he shared the belief in a Liberal Education for all, not the mere acquirement of scraps of information, not education for utility only, but the 'cultivation of the intellect as such, and its object nothing more or less than intellectual excellence', which would result in 'the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, as far as the finite mind can embrace them'.

Having glanced at some of the people and places which most strongly influenced Arnold, let us look at English life when he began his work. It was a strange period: never had ordinary men been more hopeful or more complacent, and seldom were English writers more depressed, uncertain, and disturbed. Arnold began his inspectorate in the year of the Great Exhibition, with the country rejoicing in its present prosperity and confident of rapid and certain progress in the immediate future. The general advance of man was before long to usher in the Millennium. The great middle class was expanding, and in its comfort and self-satisfaction it looked little at those beneath it. In 1859 appeared the *Origin of Species*, so that soon there were many who explained the whole of life by the little understood term, Evolution. Materialism seemed the order of the day: old beliefs and institutions were outgrown. Some, however, were content to retain the Almighty in a distant Victorian heaven from which he could smile down in benevolent approbation of the great works of his Englishmen. What wrongs there were, science and education would soon reform:

When science has discovered something more,
We shall be happier than we were before.

It was this all-complacent spirit which drove Arnold to his furious criticism of English life; for as he saw men's restlessness, their unceasing labours, their strivings forward, their mechanical advance — he saw that they knew not where they were going. It was this which gave his poetry that characteristic pessimism and curious malaise. He saw the old creeds and faiths by which men had lived departing, and what was worse he felt at times that he had little to put in their place. Tennyson was trusting that 'somehow good' would conquer, Clough reassured men with hope even

While the tired waves vainly breaking
Seem here no painful inch to gain;

but James Thomson admitted

that every struggle brings defeat,
Because Fate holds no prize to crown success . . .
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
Because there is no light behind the curtain;
That all is vanity and nothingness.

Arnold became a school inspector without any great enthusiasm, admitting 'Though I am a schoolmaster's son, I confess that school-teaching or school

inspecting is not the line of life I should naturally have chosen. I adopted it in order to marry'. In 1851, however, it was a hopeful and idealistic line of life; for following the lead of Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, an inspector's job was to visit schools and to be a source of inspiration and encouragement to all. The inspector came as a welcome representative of culture and understanding. It was not until the curse of Robert Lowe's Revised Code fell on English Education that the official ideal became that of the cheap machine. From then onwards the inspector became in each school the dread annual tester of the three R's, and all payments were on results. The boast was made that if education was not cheap it would be efficient, and if it was not efficient it would be cheap. The schools belonging to the National Society (Church of England) were all inspected by clerical inspectors, so that Arnold visited only those belonging to Nonconformists and non-sectarians. Thus he was not only in contact with parents, teachers, and managers belonging to the middle class, but particularly with the dissenters of that class. The complacency he encountered seemed the more obnoxious and dangerous because it was a pious complacency.

It was a far cry from the wealth and learning of Rugby and Oxford to the schools for the poor in the East End of London, and some who criticize Arnold fail to do justice to his burning passion for the poor and oppressed whom he saw constantly around him. He might be writing of Oxford, of the river, of the great gardens, of 'dark bluebells drenched with dews of summer eves', but

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

Never does he write with more passion than when dealing with the optimistic blind complacency of those who wrote about the glories of the growing population, in ignorant comfort praising the Almighty for his bounty: 'He would *Swarm* the earth with beings. There are never enough. Life, life, life — faces gleaming, hearts beating, must fill every cranny. Not a corner is suffered to remain empty. The whole earth breeds and God glories.' Arnold breaks into this rhapsody on 'the old story of the fig-leaf time' with the words, 'I carry these beautiful words about with me in the East End of London and often read them there'. He describes a multitude of children gathered before him 'in one of the most miserable regions of London — children eaten up with disease, half-sized, half-fed, half-clothed, neglected by their parents, without health, without home, without hope'. He adds, 'It is a little unjust, perhaps, to attribute to the Divinity exclusively this philoprogenitiveness, which the British Philistine, and the poorer class of Irish, may certainly claim to share with Him', and offers us the picture of the self-satisfied parent 'presenting himself before the Great Judge with his twelve children, in order to to be received among the sheep as a matter of right'.

To understand Arnold rightly it is always necessary to remember his deep horror of the real condition of much of England as he was daily seeing it.

In *Culture and Anarchy* he draws a picture of English life in 1869, dividing the people into three groups, but suggesting that we all possess some of the tendencies of each group in ourselves. Thus we are not to condemn various classes of people but characteristic vices wherever we find them. The Barbarian

represents the upper class. He is characterized with high spirits, choice manners, chivalry, living in his great fortified outposts about the country, and celebrated by Tennyson as 'the great broad-shouldered genial Englishman'. He has a love of individual liberty and field sports, but 'a natural inaccessibility to ideas'. Arnold adds, 'One has often wondered whether upon the whole earth there is anything so unintelligent, so unapt to perceive how the world is really going as the ordinary young Englishman of the upper class'.

The populace was then being flattered by politicians as those with 'the brightest powers of sympathy and the readiest powers of action'. These, said Arnold, 'were beginning to assert and put in practice an Englishman's right to do what he likes; his right to march where he likes, enter where he likes, meet where he likes, hoot as he likes, smash as he likes'. 'The sterner self of the populace likes bawling, hustling, and smashing; the lighter self, beer.'

But it was his own, the middle class, to whom he devoted most attention, and gave the term 'Philistine' — 'for Philistine gives the notion of something particularly stiff-necked and perverse in the resistance to light and its children'. It was the Philistine who believed so trustfully in machinery of all kinds, in large numbers, great commercial enterprises, in vast public meetings. It was the Philistine who was conquering England, and the limited range of whose liberal ideas was the danger of the hour. At that moment he was teaching men to believe 'what the Englishman is always too ready to believe — that the having a vote, like the having a large family, or a large business, or large muscles, has in itself some edifying and perfecting effect upon human nature'. It was the Philistine, backed by the virtues of Nonconformity, strength, zeal, conscientiousness, fire, who was leading the country rapidly forward and crying progress. Arnold asks where they are going and why. The need of the country was 'sweetness and light', culture, 'calm, critical, disinterested examination of facts, the making of reason and the will of God to prevail, and the carrying from one end of society to the other the best knowledge, the best ideas of the time'. He quotes the excellent rules of Bishop Wilson: 'Firstly, never go against the best light you have; secondly, take care that your light be not darkness.' The Philistine needed to pay most attention to the second. To those who attacked Arnold for talking vaguely when there was so much to be up and doing, he retorted that men preferred acting to thinking, again quoting Bishop Wilson: 'The number of those who need to be awakened is far greater than that of those who need comfort.' We may well ask if this applied solely to the nineteenth century.

For many people much of the great interest of *Culture and Anarchy* lies in its account of Nonconformity of the period. Until recent years many historians have given accounts of English life as if dissenters did not exist and as if their views counted for nothing, failing to remember that during the nineteenth century they formed a majority of the English people. It is to Arnold's credit that he fully recognized their importance, and devoted great attention to what he termed 'Hebraism', the Puritan and serious religious strain in the national character.

To walk staunchly by the best light one has, to be strict and sincere with oneself, not to be of the number of those who say and do not, to be in earnest — this is the discipline by which alone man is enabled to rescue his life from thralldom to the passing moment and to his bodily senses, to ennoble it, and to make it eternal. And this discipline has been nowhere so effectively taught as in the school of Hebraism.

But men had praised *doing* enough: it was time to praise Hellenism, *knowing*, clear vision.

The Nonconformist was leading too restricted an existence: his was a 'hole-in-the-corner' religion away from the broad sweep of life. Parliamentary reform might help by making the Universities free to all, and Arnold hoped rather for the inclusion of Dissent within the National Church rather than for disestablishment. The dissenter was obsessed with the machinery of his church government, and in mere machinery is neither light nor life. The newspaper *The Nonconformist* had as its motto, 'The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion', a phrase which Arnold repeats again and again as he holds it before his ideals of grace, poise, flexibility, sweetness, harmonious development. The trouble lay more in the dissenter himself than in State restrictions. Too long had he been like Ephraim, 'a wild ass alone by himself'. He could not be ousted but he must be converted.

Arnold had not only the gift of telling truth provocatively, but also of describing affairs with almost maddening irritation. There seems an air of conscious superiority as he wields these powers of irritation by continuous reiteration of phrases and polite impertinences. He flicks each raw spot with his whip, smiles a little, and flicks the same spot again. It is always neatly done, often wittily done, and always infuriating to the victim. It is none the less infuriating because so much of it is true: the uncomfortable and ridiculous cap fits, but it is asking much of men to express their appreciation as they are smilingly told of its correct shape and size.

Of the Nonconformists Arnold said there were two main types: a bitter type and a smug type, both characterized by provincialism and given to battle over the machinery of church affairs and other non-essentials.

Let us look at the life of those who live in and for it . . . Look at the life imaged in such a newspaper as the *Nonconformist* — a life of jealousy of the Establishment, disputes, tea-meetings, openings of chapels, sermons; and then think of it as an ideal of a human life completing itself on all sides, and aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, and perfection!

It is an unjust and inadequate description even for the mid-nineteenth century; yet it still retains its sting. At the same time we have to remember that the broader Free Church life of to-day has largely sprung from the 'salvation' which he proposed. To-day the Free Churchman enters freely into all walks of life; but has he not also lost something which Arnold failed to see in 1869?

Our irritation should not blind us to the fact that Arnold's criticisms were constructive and that there was always an underlying strata of truth. For example, in one vivid quotation he illustrates the tragic narrowness of the lives of many good people, when he notes that a newspaper has just reported the suicide of a certain Mr. Smith, who, it was said, 'laboured under the apprehension that he would come to poverty, and that he was eternally lost'. Arnold reflects on the barrenness of such a life concerned only with making money and the saving of its own soul. Real Christianity which owed so much to the interpretation of St. Paul was being misunderstood; for in truth it mixed Hellenism with its Hebraism and had for its aim, 'that we might be partakers of the divine nature'. The Nonconformist was conscientious, upright, and walked staunchly;

but he needed to enter into the wider life of the spirit and to see things in their beauty.

While we must admit that Arnold diagnosed the chief failings of Victorian religious life and that he has vital words to say to the present age, it would be foolish not to observe his own weakness. In 1869 he felt that too much stress was being laid on the idea of Sin. He would surely have to reverse this idea if he looked on the world of the twentieth century. He saw what he considered — sometimes rightly — a narrow life of chapels and tea-meeting ; but we may ask if he ever stayed to take tea with kindly people meeting together in the friendship of those worshipping a common Lord. He felt that their worship lacked beauty and grace; but he failed to listen to the rapture of the prayers of simple men who saw the Celestial City clearly and knew already what Salvation meant.

In many respects his diagnosis was correct, but his remedies were a little nebulous: men needed to see clearly, but they also required a stronger dynamic than Arnold possessed. His own position is most surely seen in his poetry, when for example he pictures the tempest-tossed helmsman clinging to his spar-strewn deck,

Still bent to make some port he knows not where,
Still standing for some false, impossible shore.

Yet across his own life he felt at times, 'Trade winds that cross it from Eternity', and found a calm which came from Faith:

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The Hills where his life rose,
And the Sea where it goes.

We can turn to Arnold to-day and find a bracing tonic to our own self satisfaction from his prose, and a serious view of beauty and nobility in his verse. His verse is a 'criticism of life', has always 'a high seriousness', is balanced, carefully constructed, and fully repays all the efforts taken to appreciate it. As we read almost any of his works we may feel that, at a time when men are talking greatly about Reconstruction and Forward Movements, he has vital words to say. We must see clearly and examine facts dispassionately. Our need is light.

Yet, surely the most ironic summing-up of Arnold came from a Methodist who in himself combined 'sweetness and light', and was both an artist and a saint. James Smetham in the *Cornhill Magazine* wrote of Arnold:

He is no scoffer, and I have noticed a strong effort in several of his papers at manly fairness and extended sympathy. He is a true man, a real worker, and in good earnest 'up to his light'. I believe the candle he works with is rather snuffy (from a Methodist point of view).

This surely sets a high standard for the Methodist to-day.

T. B. SHEPHERD

THE CROWN OF THE YEAR

God of our victory, answering our prayers with deeds of dread . . . thou — by whom the roaring seas are stilled, and the tumult of the nations . . . thou art crowning the year with thy goodness. Ps. lxxv. 5, 7, 11 (Moffatt's translation).

MOST of the sweet singers of Israel lived in close touch with nature, though they knew little of the natural science which every schoolboy learns to-day, that science which has been so successful in discovering nature's secrets and turning them to the use and pleasure of men. For them the secret of nature was God, and her operations were the working of His mind. When the Psalmist saw the thunder clouds gather he spoke of the chariots of God's wrath; the lightning was the sword of the Almighty; the rain was the river of God; the night God's robe, set with the stars, His jewels. This was not mere poetic imagery. What we attribute to natural causes the Psalmist attributed to God. We say it is the west wind that brings the rain; the cyclone or anticyclone that disturbs the weather; the Gulf Stream that warms our coasts; we say 'it has been a good harvest'; the Psalmist said, 'Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness'.

At this time of the year Psalmist and poet seem to have the right word. For we live in a mechanical age and are in danger of becoming slaves to machinery and speed, of calling these our gods, and of invoking them to save us in our present distress. It is only partly true that the war will be won by the side which can produce the greater number of the more powerful machines: there is the moral factor, and the moral, not the mechanical, will decide the ultimate issue. The machine plays an increasing part even in the harvest, but the harvest remains far more wonderful than the machine. For our very existence, for all those things that make life worth living and science worth studying, we are dependent upon a power not our own. I should have thought that no intelligent being, who has eyes to see the loveliness of the woodlands, hills, fields and gardens, could doubt that there is a purpose in all this; that, as Ruskin said: 'Nature produces scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and works still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us and for our perpetual pleasure.' We need prophet and poet to interpret for us our own deep reactions to all 'the symbols of the rich economy of the universe', for

we have felt

A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thought: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

It is that presence we acknowledge in this festival, the presence of Him who crowns the year with His goodness. It is His hand that has created the soil — poor, dead stuff it looks in the bare days of winter — so that it can do some things which the brain of man that has measured the sun and weighed the earth cannot do. The harvest is God's gift, and it is His mercy which we acknowledge in the abundant harvest of this year — this year of all years; in the unremitting

toil of those who have worked for it: in the unfaltering courage of those who bring food to us from across the seas. And whatever the heartache, the care, the anxiety and sorrow that may befall us, we shall be the braver to bear it by remembering at this time how much even the humblest and poorest of us has to make him thankful.

But nature is not always smiling and kindly; there is the tempest, the cyclone, the earthquake. To the Hebrew seer these were the revelation of divine power. 'The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and the storm', said one of them. Is that wishful thinking, or is there truth in it? We know from what the geologists tell us that, thousands of years before life appeared on this earth, volcanoes were pouring forth streams of lava, and great ice-fields were grinding the rocks to powder. These volcanoes and glaciers were God's servants, making the soil fertile with lava dust and powdered rocks, so that in due time this earth could become the home of man, ready to sustain his life, and to minister to his needs. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the convulsions of nature to-day, which are so destructive and seem to us so meaningless, may yet fulfil some divine purpose of good?

But the Psalmist and prophet went far beyond this in proclaiming that in the political and moral tempests of the world, in the confusion and turbulence and madness of men and affairs, there underlying all is the undeviating purpose of God. The wars and tumults that he knew were but child's play to us, but they shook his world to its foundation as disastrously as our world is being shaken to its foundation. But even in all the wars and tumults this is his message — God has His way and His way is irresistible. 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.' And the Psalmist prays, 'Show me thy ways O Lord; teach me thy paths. Guide me in thy truth and teach me.' When men have learned to think God's thoughts after Him, and our ways are His ways, then and not till then will there be peace. The strife and confusion is not God's making, but ours; but it is His way that is to be fulfilled, not ours. The shattering experiences of this present time should be teaching us this, that God's will is going to be done, whatever men may do; and men will be made to contribute to the doing of it, even when they are pursuing their own ends.

After the world war twenty-five years ago men saw a vision of a fellowship of nations, which would make war a thing of the past. They saw the splendour of it: surely this was God's will. But first the United States of America refused the moral leadership of the world, to which she was called; and then each of the nations pursued its own selfish way, which was not the way of fellowship. And when the whirlwind arose, many nations in Europe thought they could escape by declaring their neutrality. There is no such thing as neutrality when great moral issues are at stake! So one after another the freedom of these nations was swept away. Now they have been forced into a fellowship of suffering brought about by their own selfishness, and in the travail of that fellowship a new way of life may be born, which shall be God's way.

Or again no one would suggest that the way of fellowship is a true description of the relations between Britain and Russia for the past twenty years. The fact that the storm of war has linked the destinies of our two countries together has well been described as one of the most exciting events in history. Has not our imagination been kindled by the hope of what the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav,

the heirs of Shakespeare and of Tolstoi, can give to one another, not in weapons of war, but in the arts, and in the sciences, and in the things of the spirit, and in all that is essential for building a new Europe? If through this new understanding, the seeds of which are being sown in blood and sweat and tears, there shall come a harvest, which in the grace of God shall enrich the life not only of our two peoples and of Europe but of the world, will it not prove that God has His way in the storm?

Did God make the storm? No, but He is using it to make His way known. That this is not mere wishful thinking is proved once for all in the fact that though the wickedness of man brought Christ to the Cross — the darkest tragedy in human history — God made that Cross the means of man's salvation. He who crowns the year with His blessing has His way in the whirlwind and the storm. He orders the course of events. Men may reject His way and go their ways: men do: but even the disorder which they create remains always within God's higher ordering.

And all is well, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fears:
Well roars the storm to him who hears
A deeper voice across the storm.

F. B. CLOGG

Notes and Discussions

THE MESSAGE OF A NINETEENTH-CENTURY PATRIOT FOR TO-DAY

THE present international conflict is compelling us to seek strength to endure from the finest traditions of our national story and literature. Indeed, it is a hopeful and helpful thing to turn again to that 'armoury of the invincible knights of old' where we are made mindful that the success of our arms depends, as ever, on that other spiritual armour in which our hearts and minds have first been clothed.

The writer himself has just returned, refreshed and invigorated, from such a pilgrimage, a mere day's journey back to nineteenth-century England where, under conditions not dissimilar to our own, he has listened to some burning and prophetic words from the lips of that spiritual warrior, William Wordsworth. It is strange that even at this hour, after so many years of Wordsworthian scholarship, the common assumption persists, that the Lake Poet in his middle and latter years lived in such remote seclusion from the stress of life that he lost what early enthusiasm he had for public affairs, and dwelt apart from the turmoil of his day. Nothing is wider from the mark! To the last Wordsworth was a true patriot, a lover of his land and its peoples; and never did he cease from a genuine interest in world affairs. No poet, we venture to say, has left behind for our inspiration a richer legacy of patriotic verse than he. This neglected aspect of his work, because of its very timeliness, will be the subject of this brief monograph.

Readers of Wordsworth will find in any reliable edition of his collected poems a section under the general heading, 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'. These consist largely of sonnets written between the years 1801 and 1816, during a time of war. Napoleon then was the tyrant and aggressor in Europe, and smaller states like Switzerland had their freedom snatched away. Many of these sonnets might well have been written for to-day when a tyrant raises his head again, freedom is outwardly crushed, and weaker nations are trodden under the foot of the aggressor. There are remarkable parallels between the two periods. As now, a common calamity had drawn together the peoples of Europe who still loved liberty. England breathed the spirit of a larger life. Petty factions and differences were forgotten; a common peril made the whole nation one in heart and mind. The conditions of civilian life were not dissimilar. 'The beacon fire was built on every hill; every village green resounded to the clang of martial drill; every port had its eager watchers, who swept the waste fields of sea with restless scrutiny. Children were sent to bed with all their clothes neatly packed beside them, in case the alarm of war should break the midnight silence; and invasion was for months an hourly fear.'¹

The stresses and greatness of a time like this are felt in everything Wordsworth wrote in this sonnet sequence.

The author of these patriotic poems is no flag-waver. He is first and foremost a member of that wider human brotherhood that has no frontier commissions and racial barriers. He is proud of his British citizenship because of its moral and spiritual traditions, and its present potentiality for world betterment. England will cease to be England for him if she no longer remains the guardian and bulwark of freedom. His patriotism is founded upon the rock of truth and justice. 'It was no splendid prejudice, no insularity of thought, no mere sentimental love of country; it gathered in its embrace the passions of Europe, and pleaded in its strenuous eloquence the

¹ *Makers of Modern English.* Dawson.

cause of the oppressed throughout the world.¹ Surely a patriotism for our own day.

We limit our remarks to a few of the lesser-known of these patriotic sonnets. Nothing in the whole field of modern literature could be more timely than the nineteenth sonnet in the sequence already mentioned. It begins, 'There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear'.² In it Wordsworth enshrines his teaching about liberty. Bondage, he

There is a bondage, worse, far worse, to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,
Pent in a Tyrant's solitary thrall;
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a nation who, henceforth, must wear
Their fetters in their souls. For who could be,
Who, even the best, in such conditions, free
From self-reproach that he must share
With human nature? Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine;
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
Fade, and participate in man's decline.

says, cannot be inflicted from without. If he had had our present day experience of the Gestapo and the concentration camp at his disposal he would have said that these external instruments of slavery cannot enslave the human spirit. Thralldom begins in the heart of a man or a nation. This is the greatest danger to fear. He would suggest that those of us who still walk about beneath the dome of heaven, and conduct our business out of the eye of the secret police, are often more in peril of losing our liberty than those who have been incarcerated for conscience's sake. Similarly, true freedom is not dependent merely on outward conditions. It can only be won if the soul retains its zeal for justice and truth and goodness. High thinking and noble living are the real guardians of human freedom. Our wings or fetters are in our own souls. That in a sentence is the burden of this powerful criticism of a nation's life.

The closing couplet of this poem is particularly relevant to-day. If the man in the street and the woman at the hearth cease to care for their birthright of noble living and high thinking, then, says Wordsworth, nature itself will share in man's decline. No truer commentary on contemporary life, outside the scriptures, is to be found than that. We have witnessed the harnessing of the forces of nature, so pregnant with usefulness, so designed to foster human brotherhood and world peace, yet used for ends of destruction and human annihilation. Surely Wordsworth is right; nature has shared in man's decline!

A still more timely sonnet is the one beginning, 'When, looking on the present face of things'. It is number twenty-two in the sequence.³ It might well have been written

When, looking on the present face of things,
I see one Man, of men the meanest too!
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
With mighty nations for his underlings,
The great events with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great:
Nothing is left which I can venerate;
So that a doubt almost within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length
Seems at the heart of all things. But great God!
I measure back the steps which I have trod;
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
Of such poor instruments, with thoughts sublime
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

about Adolf Hitler's attempt at the overlordship of Europe. As the poet witnesses the crushing of nations under the iron heel of the tyrant, 'of men the meanest, too', he begins to doubt the reality of those moral and spiritual principles which, up to now, had kept him afloat on many a turbulent sea. He almost doubts the existence of God.

¹ *Makers of Modern English*, Dawson.

² Sonnet nineteen.

³ Sonnet twenty-two.

There must be many people to-day whose own minds and hearts are reflected in the first two quatrains of this sonnet. The poet is helped back to the rock of Christian faith by a backward glance over the landscape of his nation's history. Right and justice have always prevailed in the end. He comes in fear and trembling to the Throne of God.

A truly great sonnet this, so full of truth and guidance for all who are as men without hope.

There is food for thought and inspiration for action in these war-sonnets of Wordsworth. One could write much more about them, but the exigencies of space and time compel us to write but one line more. It is Wordsworth's own; the summation of all his teaching as a patriot:

'By the soul

Only, the Nations shall be great and free.'¹

HARRY ESCOTT

WILLIAM CAREY, PIONEER MISSIONARY

If we were living in happier times many a red-letter day in the calendar would evoke fitting celebration. As things are, in the stress of these anxious days, they must await more suitable opportunity. But if ceremonial commemoration be denied, those of them that touch the best emotions of the heart can at least be accorded their due recognition on the printed page.

There is certainly one anniversary this year which ought not to go unrecorded — the anniversary of the birth of the Baptist Missionary Society in 1792, a hundred and fifty years ago. And not for the sake of that organization solely, even though it was the fount from which sprang most of the great missionary movements whose aim has been the Christianization of mankind. For it is linked with the name of William Carey, the cobbler who became a missionary, the self-taught village preacher who mastered nearly forty languages, who took the Gospel to India's teeming millions and by translating the Bible into their vernaculars brought the sacred Scriptures to the knowledge of the humblest peasant, and by his translations of their own literature unlocked a storehouse of learning hitherto beyond their reach because it was written only in classical languages they were unable to read.

William Carey was the father of Indian missions; he was social reformer as well as religious teacher; he revolutionized the life of the British community in India; he was instrumental in helping to cleanse India of some of the worst products of its native creeds and customs — the sacrifice of widows on the funeral pyre of their husbands, the unhappy lot of girls hastened into marriage before they had reached their teens, and other immemorial customs deep-rooted in India's social system. Add to all this the fact that he was one of the saintliest men who ever lived, that he spent forty years in the service of India and died without means, and that his memory will never fade in the land of his adoption, and the beautiful personality of William Carey is at any rate partially revealed.

It is a strange life story. William Carey was the son of a village worker. He was born at Paulerspury, in Northamptonshire, in 1761. He had the education of a peasant's son at a village school, and at an early age he began to work as a cobbler. He had a studious mind and he read at his work. Like David Livingstone, who had an open book propped in front of him in a Scottish cotton mill, young Carey had books on his cobbler's bench. His choice of reading indicated the bent of his mind. Novels or plays made no appeal. He read science, history, biography, theology. He bought grammars of Greek, Latin and Hebrew, and by the time he was eighteen he read those languages with tolerable ease. He got hold of a book in Dutch and from

¹ Sonnet eleven. 'Inland within a hollow vale ...'

it he learned the language. French he acquired in much the same way. Those who think this incredible may be reminded that another English linguist, George Borrow, found a Danish Bible on the Norfolk coast, washed up by the tide, and learned the Danish language by its means. These men had the flair for learning languages. As another linguist, Sir Richard Burton, used to say, they could tear the heart out of a language almost by turning the pages of a book. That William Carey had this gift to a marvellous extent is proved by the story of his life.

He became a local preacher in the Baptist cause while in his teens, though he had been brought up in the Church of England. He would walk twenty miles on a Sunday to fill the pulpit of a village Bethel. Finally, he became a fully-ordained Baptist minister. But he was compelled to stick to his last. His first charge, at Moulton, brought him in no more than £15 a year. He eked out a living by making shoes and hawking them round from village to village. Leaving Moulton he accepted another charge at Leicester, and there he began to ponder deeply upon the obligation of the Christian Church to carry the Gospel to those outside its range of influence. If the charge had been committed to the Apostles, did it not still hold good? He asked this question at a ministers' meeting and was gravely rebuked by an elder. The time for that would come when there was another Pentecost, when God vouchsafed the gift of tongues to His chosen disciples. That Carey already had this gift could not have been foreseen by the worthy brother who tried to stifle the young man's ardour.

It was in October 1792, a hundred and fifty years ago, that Carey saw the realization of his faith and hope and prayers. He attended a meeting at Kettering. There were twelve of them present. The number was symbolic. They were afterwards immortalized as The Twelve Apostles. They passed a resolution to form a missionary society — the Baptist Missionary Society. They subscribed £13 amongst them as a beginning. It was from that tiny seed that there grew the mighty movement which sent thousands of devoted men and women into the world to preach the Gospel. It was that £13, the offering of those twelve poor men, which formed the nucleus of a tribute which has swelled to millions of pounds for the sacred cause of evangelizing the world. And it was the direct result of that meeting that William Carey, in his thirty-third year, offered himself as a missionary and set sail for India in 1793 in company with his colleague and devoted fellow-worker John Thomas. In such humble circumstances the Christianization of India had its simple beginning.

The voyage occupied five months. This present year Sir Stafford Cripps, on a statesman's visit to India, could cover the distance in as many days. The arrival of Carey and Thomas was by no means propitious. India was then ruled by the old East India Company — the John Company, as it was familiarly known. Nobody could land or settle without the Company's permission. The Company had no use for missionaries. Carey and Thomas had to go outside Calcutta and obtain permission to settle on a piece of land owned by the Danish Government. They never forgot the debt they owed to the kindly Danes. Moreover, they were short of money. If they were to preach, to build schools, to translate the Scriptures, to train natives as teachers and pastors, they required fairly ample means. The Baptists at Kettering had promised them £250 a year between the two of them — and for their wives and children as well.

It is not surprising that Carey and Thomas accepted well-paid positions at an indigo factory. It worked out all right. Men of less robust faith might have been tempted to forget the purpose of their voyage, to live at ease on their pay, and to give little more than lip service to what they had acclaimed as the first aim of their life. Neither Carey nor Thomas was made of such poor stuff. They put their teaching and their preaching first. They spent nearly all their money on their work for the Master. They founded schools and missions, they began buying paper and casting type for

printing the Bible in the Indian tongues. Carey, indeed, made himself a poor man by it. Later, he became the first professor of Oriental languages at a Calcutta college founded by the Governor-General for the higher education of young men sent out from England for the Civil Service. For this he received over £1,500 a year, and by the time he died he had drawn £40,000 from this source alone; yet he died so poor that his books and manuscripts had to be sold to pay a bequest of £175 he had left to one of his sons. Devotion to the great purpose of his life could scarcely further go.

It was by no means easy work. There was little sympathy for missionaries on the part of the British community. Carey's own pen draws a forbidding picture of the morals of India's rulers. Religion was ignored. The Sabbath, save as a holiday, had little meaning. The young men drank and indulged in other excesses. Most of them, he says, had native women in their houses. As for the Indians they were in the grip of caste and custom and creed. For years the missionaries failed to baptize a single native convert. Neither Hindoo nor Moslem would respond to their preaching. Boys jeered at them in the street. Yet they opened a school, had scores of pupils, both boys and girls, but made little progress in the work on which their heart was set. Meanwhile Carey set himself to learn the main Indian tongues. In about a year he could preach in Bengali. In time he became so fluent that he spoke it as though it were his own tongue. His children learnt it too, and he says of them that they knew the names of many common objects in Bengali before they knew them in English. Then he learned Sanskrit, the mother of the Aryan languages — afterwards to be elevated to its proper place in England by that great Oxford scholar Max Müller — and followed this by mastering Hindustani, Marathi, and many other forms of native speech.

Indeed, it is as linguist and translator that Carey will ever be remembered. He was the most scholarly missionary ever seen in India. He had an over-mastering passion for languages. He was familiar with nearly forty. He translated the Bible, or parts of it, into nearly as many. His first great effort was a rendering of the whole Bible into Bengali, the speech, in Carey's day, of at least forty million people. He compiled a grammar and a dictionary. Then he did the same for Sanskrit, and then for other tongues. He began the compilation of an Oriental dictionary, taking a word first in Sanskrit and then giving its various forms in half a dozen other languages. His Bengali dictionary contained 80,000 words. He translated classics from Sanskrit and other languages; he wrote essays on botany in Bengali; he gathered round him a band of native teachers and pundits — some of whom never became Christians — and with their aid he translated the Scriptures not only into the common tongues of India, but into such languages as Pushtu for the Afghans, Persian for the educated classes — for it must be remembered that in the great days of the Mogul Emperors Persian was the language of the Indian Court as French was the language of the English Court in the days of the early Norman Kings; and even Chinese came within his ever-widening range of knowledge. His sons, or at least two of his four, followed in his steps. One of them, Felix, translated the Bible into Sanskrit, Pali, Bengali, and Burmese; another, Jabez, translated into it Malay and Chinese.

An illustration of William Carey's command of languages was seen after he had been appointed first professor at the Calcutta Government College. In the presence of the Governor-General, his staff, and the principal British residents, as well as a large gathering of Indian notables, he made speeches in Sanskrit, Bengali, and Hindustani. The reader may like to be reminded of two similar instances in our own day. The first was when 'Lawrence of Arabia' attended the Peace Conference at Versailles in 1919 on behalf of King Feisal. He pleaded the Arab cause in three languages — English, French, and Arabic. The other case is that of Sir Ronald Storrs, after he was

made Governor of Jerusalem at the close of the Great War. He called a meeting of notables and addressed them in five or six languages, including Arabic and Hebrew. But these were men with a University education, nurtured in languages from their youth upwards. William Carey was the son of a peasant, was a village cobbler, and only began the study of Eastern languages when over thirty years of age. Yet he became a teacher of British Civil Servants, and it is undoubtedly true that many a man who left his mark on India imbibed his learning at the feet of this humble missionary. There are men with more high-sounding titles than that of Dr. Carey on the Indian scroll of fame, but there are few, if any, who lived nearer the heart of India and knew more of its secrets and had greater love and compassion for its people.

Other aspects of Carey's work can be touched upon only briefly. In addition to his labours at the Government College he founded a missionary college at Serampore with which his name will ever be linked. It cost him and his associates £20,000. He was one of its principals. He taught Latin, Greek, Hebrew, English, and the Indian tongues, as well as many of the sciences. He was a keen botanist, and established a Botanic Garden in which he planted every tree and shrub that would grow on Indian soil. He made paper and he cast type for his translations. He introduced the first steam engine into India for the purpose of driving his printing presses. He founded an agricultural and horticultural society before such a thing had been thought of in England. He sent to England for every imaginable seed. He knew the name of every beast and bird and insect common in India. He wrote pamphlets in native languages on the growing of crops. He taught every form of husbandry. Yet ever and always he was the Christian missionary, spending his money on translations, preaching and teaching in three or four languages nearly every day, disputing with pundits and winning them to Christ by the saintliness of his life, the force of his convictions, the power of his example.

Nothing daunted him. A fire destroyed his printing establishment and caused him the loss of type and paper and machinery valued at £10,000 — including his monumental polyglot dictionary on which he had spent years of labour and research. The money came back to him from England and the work was resumed on even greater scale, but the dictionary was lost for ever. Floods and cyclones washed away his botanic garden and uprooted all his trees, but the brave old man took it as a dispensation of Almighty wisdom and resolved to do better — for, he said, 'indolence is my prevailing sin'. Yet there is testimony that he rarely worked less than twelve hours a day.

Honours might have come to him if he had been disposed to accept them. The only one he accepted, and that with humble pride, was the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him spontaneously by an American University, and it is as Dr. Carey that he is known and remembered. His portrait was painted with his Indian munshi by his side and his Sanskrit Bible open on the desk before him, and copies were sold in England at a guinea each — for the cause of the Baptist mission, and a few busts and tablets commemorate him in India and in England; but his memorial resides in the hearts of the Indian people and in the many scholarly books whose title pages bear his name as author or editor or translator.

William Carey died on June 9, 1834. He would have been 73 if he had lived until August. He had given forty years to India — such a forty years of love and devotion and labour as no other man ever gave to that country. In India, in the Government House at Calcutta, in our own House of Lords in London, in the rooms of learned societies, his name was extolled, but, as he would have had it, his abiding memorial is among the many million Christians of India to whom he carried the promise of the Gospel with such abounding faith and zeal.

ERNEST PHILLIPS

Editorial Comments

STALINGRADS OF THE SOUL

In spite of many dismal reminders that 'war lowers moral standards' it is encouraging to discover signs that every citadel of morality is not stormed. The reaction of public opinion to a policy of reprisals in the manacling of prisoners of war was instructive and encouraging. The relinquishing of extraterritorial rights in China was something more than an act of expediency on the part of the United States of America and Britain. The war has not obliterated 'the sense of decency' in all mankind. Final victory will come to those who have striven to keep the last stronghold inviolate. It would be a wholesome tonic for those who seem to delight in reviewing spiritual defeats to consider, with at least equal enthusiasm, spiritual victories. There are 'Stalingsrads' of the human soul which all the forces of evil have failed, and will fail, to overcome. In a general sense one might cite the expectancy and desire for true religious revival which is becoming increasingly apparent in large sections of the community and in the daily press.

During the last war it was my privilege to take some small part in the arrangements for bringing relatives of the dangerously wounded from England to France, in order that they might see their friends and comfort them. The very fact that such arrangements were conceived and carried through in some of the most desperate months of fighting has often reminded me that there are many finer human instincts which war has failed to destroy. To suspend their functioning with a view to speeding-up victory will always be a mistaken policy. It is not wrong, nor is it foolish, to continue humane work, even in the midst of war. It was interesting to read the words of Dr. H. G. Anderson, the Medical Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, in his speech on the work of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association. Whilst India and its political problem is of extreme importance, it is not incongruous that English men and women should be consecrating themselves to the relief of individual suffering. The Nazi philosophy would make short work of lepers; the Christian philosophy constrains us to serve them even in the most threatening hours of war. 'A great new weapon has been placed in our hands by the work of recent years,' says Dr. Anderson. 'It is due quite as much to the direct contacts made in our institutions as to the scientific means available to us. That weapon is hope. For the leper has dawned a new outlook.' On the Rhodesian frontier there is a strange village: Ngomahuru — 'Village of Those Who Were Dead'. 'Avenues of jacarandas, of flamboyants, climbing roses, banks of blazing bougainvillea, thatched huts and wide streets and great shady trees make up Ngomahuru,' says the *Rhodesian Herald*. 'It is a place where men and women greet one with smiles and cheerfulness, where hope is triumphant . . . Instinctive revulsion and a quick horror fade away before the reality of Ngomahuru; it is a township not of the dying but of life, of cheer and of humour.' Here are no lethal chambers to put an end to lives that are a liability to a government absorbed in war and conquest! Instead there is a place of healing, where death gives way to life, despair to hope. Such work is only a single incident of many which might be cited to show that man has not lost his sense of decency — that spiritual standards are not overthrown, that even war itself shall be finally conquered.

THE BETTER WORLD¹

Among the many schemes outlining the possibility of the world of to-morrow, one of the most interesting has been introduced by the Brampton Brotherhood. The idea

¹ Copies of this booklet, *The Better World*, may be obtained from the Group Secretary, 38 Westbrook Drive, Chesterfield—price 3d., or 28 copies for 5s.

of this shaping came to two delegates from Brampton who attended the National Brotherhood Convention at Nottingham in June 1941. Fired with a new vision of the Kingdom of God on earth they returned to their own Brotherhood, and challenged its members to think out a possible programme. Each month they devoted two Sundays to a study of social problems. Every Friday evening a small group met to focus the addresses that had been given, and to resolve the resultant discussion into a complete picture of social reform from the definitely Christian point of view. In the excellent booklet which deals with the final result, they enunciate certain guiding principles: 'God's way of life, as seen in the world of Nature around is evolutionary rather than revolutionary. God uses to-day's best as the basis for the super-best of to-morrow. All that is good in our present social order is to be retained. There is to be no futile attempt at short-cuts. 'Perfect schemes are the products of perfect men. The moral stature of man determines his real standard.' All these proposals, therefore, are to be tested by the question: 'Will it work with the kind of men available to-day?' The opening pages of the programme end with this sentence: 'Everything we own, and all our rights and privileges have been rebought in this war with the common sacrifice and heroic effort of the people as a whole, and we must accept gladly the right of the Nation to determine afresh the conditions of our private rights and privileges.' Here are some of the main findings of this group of sincere seekers:

1. *Health Services.* It is suggested that the Government must accept full responsibility for the physical welfare of its citizens, and must provide all the services necessary for the maintenance of health, and for the care of those afflicted in mind or body.

2. *Education.* The educational ladder should give equal opportunities to all, irrespective of rank or position, and the efforts of the Educational System should be directed towards the developing of the capacities of each child in the highest possible way.

Whilst it is impossible for us to print the full details of the application of this principle, the following will give some indication of their scope:

The school-leaving age is fixed at fifteen years. Elementary education must include the provision of baby-schools, of nursery schools, of junior schools and of senior schools. Children are to be carefully studied as individuals, and an estimate formed of their intellectual ability so that those with special gifts may be selected for education in the Secondary Schools. Secondary Education, it is suggested, should be given mainly in residential schools, and the course would normally cover three years, and should be co-educational. The State, it is felt, should subsidize various youth activities for those who have left school at fifteen, and youth education should cover the ages from fifteen to nineteen. At nineteen, all young people should give a Community Year of service to the State, and thus become properly prepared for adult citizenship. Industrial and technical education should be carried on in close relationship and in co-operation with industry. University education should be open to all who have the necessary ability to profit by it, and the cost of such education should be a charge on the State. Finally, facilities should be provided at all Community Centres for the continuity of adult education, to be controlled by the local Centre, but to be inspected and encouraged by the Board of Education itself. Classes for young married people, in pre-natal and post-natal clinics, would also be established.

3. *Housing.* Every citizen has the right to a decent home in which he and his family can live in health and comfort.

4. *Agriculture.* Agriculture must be based on a firm economic basis, and run in the interests of the community as a whole, with due regard of all who render essential service in its development. The increased costs of running farms must be met by an improvement in efficiency, and not by indiscriminate price-raising.

5. *The Coal Industry.* This industry, it is suggested, should become publicly owned,

and should be run for, and in the interests of the Community. The workers must be adequately remunerated, and all unnecessary profits eliminated.

6. *Finance and Banking.* Here, it is felt, finance must be the servant of industry, and not its master. All financial organizations must be under the control of the community, and their operation should be guided by the interests of the community as a whole.

7. *Unemployment.* The vision of opportunities of work for all should be the responsibility of the Government, and a monetary payment in lieu of work, except for short periods of unemployment, found to meet the legitimate needs of every would-be worker. The Bampton Brotherhood suggest a short-term programme, and this programme is concerned with the regulation of demobilization, with the raising of the school-leaving age to sixteen, with a promotion of public works schemes of national character and under local authorities, and with the control of personal expenditure in boom periods. There is also the outline of a long-term programme.

8. *Social Services.* Here the assumption is made that the State will take over the control of large sections of community life, previously owned by private enterprise. A new land policy, and a possible reduction in working hours, is also considered. The development of community life is studied and its possibilities outlined.

9. *Wages.* Here the guiding principle is that the reward of services rendered to the State is payable to the person rendering the service.

10. *Family Allowances.* The welfare of children is a primary State responsibility, and a scheme of family allowances, paid direct to the mother, is the most certain way of abolishing the poverty which comes from the upkeep of large families.

11. *Industry.* It is recognized that there is much that is good in our present system, but that it will be necessary, gradually, to transfer all private ownership of the essential industries to the State.

12. *The Workers' Charter.* This should assert those rights and responsibilities in the economic sphere of life which are fundamental to the welfare and happiness of all. It includes the right to regular employment, to a minimum income in sickness and in health, in good trade or in bad — an income which will provide the necessities of life. It also demands the security of employment where good service is being given, generous pension, an effective share in the management and direction of industry, and decent housing conditions.

Finally, suggestions are made for the establishment of a national wages board, a national industrial council, and the creation of national companies on voluntary lines. All these suggestions are not merely named in nebulous fashion, but they have been carefully considered and worked out in detail. The place of the trade unions in such a new world would be to represent the workers on boards of directors, etc., to administer the labour side of industry, to run and control welfare work, and to handle negotiations with a National Wages Board.

We read the pamphlet with great interest, and felt that it really made a positive contribution to to-day's problems. It has been framed by men of different religious beliefs, acknowledging the sovereignty of God in daily life, and accepting Jesus Christ as Master, Lord and Saviour, but it does not label itself with any particular political title. The booklet is certainly worth careful study, and should encourage many similar Movements amongst those who are really concerned in the creation of a Christian Order.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

The work of Robert Moffat has long been recognized as of immense importance in the development of southern Africa. The strength of his personality, the influence of his preaching, and his success in reducing the Bechuana language to writing

established him as one of the great pioneers of Christian civilization on the Dark Continent. Not least among his achievements was his commissioning of David Livingstone. When he met him 'at Mrs. Sewell's, a boarding-house for young missionaries in Aldersgate Street', he told him something of his own work. 'By and by,' Moffat wrote, 'he asked me whether I thought he would do for Africa. I said I believed he would, if he would not go to an old station, but would advance to unoccupied ground, specifying the vast plain to the north, where I had sometimes seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages, where no missionary had ever been.' — 'I will go at once to Africa,' said Livingstone.

The full story of the work of these two men has never yet been told. A recent discovery has provided original material which will go a long way toward filling up the gaps, and making clear much that was obscure. The details have been sent to us by the courtesy of the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia.

A treasure hunt that has lasted many years and involved investigations, in 1937, at a quaint old mansion in Kent by Rhodesian Government officials has just ended triumphantly in a harness-room behind a house in Qwagger's Kerk, Cape Province, South Africa. A refugee from the Channel Islands has discovered a stout iron-bound chest made a century ago by an Edinburgh cabinet-maker and undertaker.

Outside the chest is a brass plate bearing the name 'Robert Moffat' and inside was found a collection of documents which, in the words of Professor J. P. R. Wallis, now 'invests the Rhodesian archives with a distinction unmatched in the Southern Continent'.

These 'supreme treasures in the field of Africana', as the professor calls them, are a collection of papers compiled and preserved by the dauntless pioneer missionary Robert Moffat, his wife Mary and their son John Smith Moffat.

They include letters written to Robert Moffat by his father and namesake, and letters from the missionary to his soldier brother, Alexander, who was in the Artillery Regiment of the Honourable East India Company.

There are diaries and a sheaf of diary-letters to this same Alexander in writing so small that, except for those with the keenest sight, a magnifying glass is required to read them with any comfort.

The chest also contained journals covering the period 1816 to 1836 which tell of the conversion of the notorious Hottentot outlaw Afrikaner and Moffat's successful efforts to obtain his pardon from the Government; and of a clash in the wilderness with a native tribe that was fleeing before the marauding hordes of King Mzilikazi.

They tell of a life of hardship and hazard, courage, failure and success.

Such was the faith and force of character of the solitary missionary that Mzilikazi — 'Pathway of Blood' — came later to acknowledge himself before his own Chiefs and their warriors as Robert Moffat's 'son'.

There are journals also from this chest which show to what pains Moffat went to obtain idiomatic mastery of different native dialects in his efforts to carry the Gospel to his countless and barbaric flock.

There are letters in the big sprawling hand of his son-in-law, David Livingstone, and others written by Robert Moffat's son John, dating from 1847. Some were written in King Lobengula's kraal and others from the Moffats' station at Inyate. Such intimate personal records, together with notes for sermons and lectures complete a thrilling story of Christian enterprise.

All these treasures have recently been found through the pertinacity of Dr. V. R. Moffat, grandson of Robert Moffat, who escaped from the Channel Islands when they were overrun by the Germans. They are now in the archives of the Government of Southern Rhodesia through the generosity of his brother, Mr. Livingstone Moffat.

LESLIE F. CHURCH

Ministers in Council

Following up our notes in the last issue of the Review on The Home Front, there is now to be reported an interesting practical development of the activity then suggested.

* * * * *

HOME RELIGIOUS TRAINING. Under this title Miss Janet Grierson, B.A., has written a booklet (S.P.C.K., 9d.) detailing an experiment in the diocese of Durham. The Mothers' Union Council there had become concerned at the way in which parents who counted themselves church members refused to accept any responsibility for their children's spiritual welfare. A typical case cited was that of a father and mother who said they were often away from home at week-ends and so had not troubled to send the child to Sunday school or church and had never thought of teaching him anything themselves. To remedy the widespread breakdown in home religious training observable in all sections of society it was decided to inaugurate a diocesan campaign. This has been carried out in over seventy parishes.

The method adopted has been to hold a preparatory meeting of members of the Mothers' Union and Sunday school teachers and others, and then to ask for volunteer visitors. These helpers assist in a personal canvass of homes and in follow-up service.

Three campaign meetings are the main pivot of the organization. The booklet prints samples of the talks then given. The first address deals generally with Religious Training in the Home. The second comes specifically to the care of young children, those under seven years of age. The third particularizes on the religious culture of older children, up to the time of their welcome to the Lord's Table. These talks provide not only principles of guidance but are full of concrete suggestions.

Between the first and second meetings parents receive a call from the volunteer visitors and have given to them a short leaflet embodying some of the ideas in the initial address. In conjunction with the meetings exhibitions are held of work done by children in Sunday Schools. A point is made of having a bookstall with literature of all prices. Discussion groups are held, when questions are put to the speakers. Libraries have in some cases been formed. By way of extra informal gatherings, Fire-side Meetings have proved useful during the campaign, when small groups of children have been present and parents have heard model talks such as a father or mother might give to his own boy or girl at home. Spiritual Welfare Clinics have been established, when difficulties in the religious upbringing of children have been expressed and dealt with. To aid parents a series of Home Teaching Leaflets has been prepared and printed.

A brief bibliography adds to the value of the booklet. Here is matter which can be warmly commended to the attention of those desirous of seeing a Forward Movement in actual being.

* * * * *

WHERE LIES THE GOSPEL? Dr. L. P. Jacks in *The Confession of an Octogenarian* (Allen & Unwin, 15s.) has an arresting chapter, which, though headed 'My Discovery of the New Testament', shows us in reality an acute mind pursuing its search for a gospel. The author states that he was well over fifty years of age before he discovered the New Testament. In college and in his pastorates he had studied it piecemeal and secondhand, but the editing of a special 'Jesus or Christ' number of the *Hibbert Journal* led to his resolve to ascertain if there was a genuine thought-unity in the New Testament. Reading it book by book—and a book at a sitting—he found the unifying element. The central theme, he is convinced, is Immortality, not the immortality of any man and every man, but the immortality of the man who believes in Christ as risen from the dead. When Christ had done what else it became him to do, He rose

from the dead, the donor of immortality to all who are His. The celebrated chapter, Corinthians i. 15, he holds was never intended to be kept in cold storage for funerals but was meant as a summary of the gospel. If Christ be not risen, then is our faith vain.

The apostolic insistence on this as the marrow of the gospel is in marked contrast to modern thought. Dr. Jacks states that among thousands of articles for the *Hibbert Journal* which come before him he could count on the fingers of two hands any on immortality, and, of these, few were in defence of the belief. When he solicited articles on this theme the replies were mostly in the negative.

But there to him lies the gospel—the gospel of resurrection—the evangel of eternal life. And he does not shrink from seeing and declaring that the New Testament which offers this blessing to a believer pronounces doom on an unbeliever. As to those who reject Christ, 'their end is destruction'.

In all this, however, it may be noted that there is no specific, explicit, mention of an atonement. This is perhaps the more noteworthy as Edward White's *Life In Christ*, which has been described as an epoch-making book in the history of the theory of Conditional Immortality, is itself most emphatic on the atoning work of Christ as the basis of faith and the human ground of the gift of immortality in Christ.

* * * * *

RELIGION IN LITERARY HISTORY. Mr. George Sampson, in his *Concise Cambridge History of English Literature* (Cambridge University Press, 15s.), frequently raises issues of interest for Free Churchmen. The Puritans he appears to regard as a *bête noir*. He speaks of the Puritan dogmatic assumption of its own infallibility and contends that Elizabethan Puritanism was fighting for a completely religious tyranny. He has a chapter on The Puritan Attack on the Stage, ending with an expression of pleasure that Shakespeare lived and died before the frozen hands of Zeal-of-the-Land Busy had been laid upon his natural warmth and immeasurable charity. But he is forced to concede that Jeremy Collier, a clergyman, had a case for his assault in his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* (1698).

Mr. Sampson can protest vigorously, however, that any belittling of Milton is a reflection on his critics. He affirms that an age which repudiates obligation and which believes that liberty and libertinism in art and life are one and the same thing is sure to be an age in which Milton will be disparaged. He will not allow that Milton's prose works are an improper employment for a poet. 'To oppose restraint upon liberty he did not disdain to fling away his singing robe and step down into the very mire of conflict'. But then Milton was no 'bloodless, marrowless, sexless, remote and emaciated Puritan'!

Law's *Serious Call* (1728) Mr. Sampson characterizes as a book of extraordinary power, persuasive style, racy wit and unanswerable logic, and believes that few books in English have exerted such a wide influence.

He breaks a lance with Nonconformity. Whilst the Free Churches claim to have asserted the principle of religious toleration, he is convinced that historically the claim is untenable, the reason alleged being that during its transient triumph under the Commonwealth, Dissent was intolerant and repressive, particularly in its persecution of the Quakers. But then Mr. Sampson broadens out here into an invective against all the churches. He roundly asserts that toleration is not a religious virtue. It is a lay, not a clerical, attitude of mind.

Still, he is prepared to acknowledge that, at any rate, the eighteenth century owes a great debt to Dissent for its wholesome educational zeal. But he complains that the State which has at last accepted responsibility for national education in all its branches continues to evade the religious question that still impedes the natural progress of a supremely creative national activity.

It is refreshing to read his warm eulogy of John Ruskin. 'With all their contradictions, his works exhibit an almost formidable consistency of spirit in their insistence on righteousness. Righteousness being now out of fashion, Ruskin is presumed to be antiquated. Actually, he is ultra modern.'

Mr. Sampson has written an extremely fascinating survey of English literature, stamped with individuality and constantly provocative in its outlook and verdicts. He has even included some living writers in the closing chapter, which is especially piquant.

W. E. FARNDALE

Recent Literature

St. Mark and the Transfiguration Story. By G. H. Boobyer, B.A., B.D., D.TH. (T. & T. Clark. 6s. net.)

Any bible-student who studies the story of our Lord's Transfiguration in our best English commentary on St. Mark by Bishop Rawlinson, or in such a mixture of popular exposition and radical criticism as Dr. B. H. Branscomb has supplied in the Moffatt N.T. Commentary, will know that the narrative raises problems that are not easily solved. Dr. Boobyer (a former pupil of Martin Dibelius at Heidelberg, and for some years a lecturer at Woodbrooke) has set himself in this important essay a two-fold task. First, he inquires into the original nature of the Transfiguration story. Secondly, he considers what the story signified for St. Mark himself. Various theories have been put forward to explain how the story first came to be written. There are (a) those who regard it merely as a piece of symbolic writing to affirm the Messiahship of Jesus. Others (b) treat it as a historical experience of a visionary character. Yet others (c) see in it an account of what was originally a tradition of an appearance after the Resurrection. Dr. Boobyer gives a concise summary and criticism of the main arguments adduced by various scholars in favour of each of these theories. His own mind clearly leans towards the second explanation (b), without accepting the particular form which this assumes in the treatment of Eduard Meyer or of Adolf Harnack. It is, however, the second subject of inquiry which receives most attention from Dr. Boobyer. In this investigation he first examines some modern theories of the significance of the Transfiguration story for St. Mark. Such are that the story was told (a) as a divine confirmation of the Messiahship of Jesus; (b) as a revelation of Jesus in the glory of his future heavenly state; and (c) as a visionary forecast of the Resurrection of Jesus. Dr. Boobyer agrees with those who accept the first answer, but considers this an incomplete solution. Against (b) there are such details as the appearance of Moses and Elijah; against (c) the fact that the resurrection body was not the body of 'glory', but, however different from the physical body of mortal man, was sufficiently like it for the disciples to believe for a time that they were conversing with a stranger. With this partial answer and the dismissal of two further possibilities Dr. Boobyer enters upon the third stage of his inquiry, and this leads to his thesis that 'for Mark the transfiguration was a divine confirmation of the Messianic status of Jesus in the form of a visionary forecast of the Parousia of Jesus—that moment when his divine Sonship and Messianic glory would be displayed in all their majesty as he came from heaven' (p. 29). In leading up to this conclusion a careful comparison is made with the Apocalypse of Peter (in its Ethiopic form as well as in the Greek of the Akhmim fragment), the Pistis Sophia, and the references to the Transfiguration in 2 Peter i. 16-18. In addition to this Dr. Boobyer has acutely availed himself of a passage believed to be by Clement of

Alexandria in that Father's *Excerpta ex Theodoto*. (Dr. Boobyer's use of Professor R. P. Casey's edition is not invalidated by Otto Stählin's severe criticism of its defects in *Theol. Litg.*, 1935, 414.) The final chapter contains a re-examination of St. Mark's account of the Transfiguration in the light of the results already reached. First, the structure of Mark's Gospel seems to fall in with the early Christian conception of four stages in Christ's manifestation: (a) Christ's pre-existence with the Father, (b) the stage of concealment of his real glory in the life on earth, (c) the disclosure of his Messiahship at the Resurrection, and (d) the final vindication of his glory at the Parousia. Dr. Boobyer finds evidence in Mark of (a) in the claim that the Son of Man has authority *on earth* to forgive sins, of (b) in the secrecy passages in this Gospel, of (c) in the fact that the predictions of the Passion are also predictions of the Resurrection, and of (d) in passages which 'crystallize, or give explicit reference to, an outlook which pervades much of the Gospel — forward looking to some great day of future revelation'. Thus, it is claimed, 'the interpretation of the Transfiguration as, for Mark, a prediction of the Parousia would be thoroughly in concord with the structure and standpoint of the whole Gospel; and would be in every sense a natural understanding of it for Mark's mind' (p. 57). Next, the immediate context of the story is considered, and Mark viii. 38 and ix. 1 are shown to refer to the Parousia, whilst ix. 9, 10, it is argued, is meaningless unless the story of the Transfiguration would uphold the faith of the Church in the years when the witnesses of the Resurrection were still declaring that Jesus had granted evidence to chosen witnesses that he would fulfil his promise and ultimately return. The details of the story are finally examined to test the soundness of the thesis.

The book represents the minute and scholarly study of this problem spread over several years, and no student who follows Dr. Boobyer through his careful argument can fail to learn much from him, even if complete conviction is not wrought in his mind. On a few minor points the reader may venture to raise a note of interrogation. Is it correct to say (p. 24), 'Paul seems to have known nothing about appearances of (the risen) Jesus in a human form'? The translation of 1 Peter ii. 2 (p. 29) is no longer tenable in view of *Koine* usage. The exposition of Hebrews ii. 9 might be compared with A. B. Bruce's fine exegesis of that passage (pp. 51, 67). In discussing 'the awkward verses Mark ix. 12f. and especially their form in Matthew xvii. 10-13' (p. 75), would it not be well to accept C. H. Turner's happy suggestion that in Mark's text 12^b originally followed verse 10?

We can safely say that Dr. Boobyer has given us the most up-to-date monograph on the Transfiguration which we have in English, and it will have to be taken into account by all commentators on St. Mark.

W. F. HOWARD

Bradley's Dialectic. By Ralph Withrington Church, D.PHIL. (OXON). (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 10s. 6d.)

One short paragraph from this useful book will indicate a significant point of view. It is said: 'the dialectic that Bradley calls "the relational way of thought" formulates a mentality — an almost hopelessly romantic way of imagination and evaluation — that is abroad to-day in force, and we badly need to take account of it.' How great a matter has been expressed in so short a form of words the reader may not realize at once. It is not that Dr. R. W. Church discusses what is known as Absolute Idealism exhaustively. That is not his task at the moment. He confines himself to an exposition of Bradley's dialectic, in the first place, and then discusses what he calls the 'basic difficulties' of the method. He remarks that the dialectic 'seems to me to be infected' with other difficulties, but these he leaves aside, partly because some selection is necessary, and partly because those he chooses seem to have been neglected.

Theoretically, Absolute Idealism has not the vogue to-day which it may have had thirty or forty years ago, or even when the present writer was in his collegiate days. We do remember, however, how after a somewhat painstaking examination of von Hartmann's *Concrete Monism of the Unconscious* a cynical student was led to reduce the philosophy in question to the following aphorism: 'the Absolute wakes, yawns, goes to sleep again — and *we* are that yawn!' But did not William James use even briefer and more forcible formulae in this connection? Such things may be temperament no doubt, but there is temperament to be discovered even in Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*. It is this book, mainly, of which Dr. R. W. Church's is an exposition, but he inevitably uses also the *Logic* and some other material.

F. H. Bradley's dialectic is Hegel's with a difference. It has been said that Bradley's is the more flexible, but it is the same method. Hegel started with just the barest principles — mere being or becoming — and progress is made by contraries or complementaries in a continued reconciliation towards an absolute all-containing principle. This all-including principle is the logical essence of Absolute Spirit. The reader may be referred to Bradley's *Logic* for an account of the internal unfolding of any one portion of reality which is the 'unblossoming' of that other side of its being, without which reality itself is not reality. We may have paraphrased that not too well, but we have preserved the one word which savours so much more of poetry than of metaphysic! Actually, of course, the metaphysic both of Hegel and of Bradley may be regarded as a form of logic.

'It is probably easier to criticize Bradley than to follow him,' remarks Dr. Church, where we take it our author means (by 'follow him') understand him. Dr. Church helps us significantly in both respects, but he shows also how inevitable such misunderstanding can be 'so long as the reader of a philosophy of Hegelian origins insists that it must square with Aristotelian logic'. Later in the book it is instructive, and even amusing, to read that: 'as some men are born little Platonists and others little Aristotelians, so in some men there is a predilection for the relational dialectic of imagination, while others are bound by logic'.

Where this dialectic does not square with Aristotelian logic is in respect of the Law of Identity and the Law of Excluded Middle. It sets aside the Law of Identity (A is A) as tautology, and alienates the Law of Excluded Middle by identifying the contradictory with the contrary. There is, therefore, in this manner of reasoning, a middle term between any opposition terms. To put the case another way, in Aristotelian logic we may say that all entities are established in their own right. In the dialectic, or 'the relational way of thought', there is in every entity that which transcends itself. Relations are not merely internal. Any relation will fall, to some extent at all events, between the qualities differentiated. It is a third moment in an extended process of becoming. This third term is one by which the 'becoming' is both mediated and differentiated.

The author of this book calls it a commentary. As such the student of this phase of philosophy will find it extremely useful. Beyond this it is hardly possible here to discuss in ordinary parlance the problems presented by the dialectic. It will be very interesting, however, for the plain man to find he is being persuaded, by way of 'relational thought', that 'the meaning of 3 in "3 is greater than 2" will be different from the meaning of 3 in "3 is greater than 1"'. The dialectic may equally well be represented by saying that identity implies difference. So we may go on to say that, as to Bradley's theory of negation for instance, difference implies identity. So we might continue, and claim farther on that we are left with no criterion of truth and reality. It is certainly difficult to see how the ultimate Absolute can be that criterion at any point of process, or time, where the need for such must surely arise. We may indeed feel obliged to leave the Absolute to the untender mercies of William James,

in contexts which should be familiar, at all events, to students of philosophy. We recall, by the way, that Bradley remarks somewhere in *Appearance and Reality* — as is quite inevitable! — that one cannot get beyond experience. As we have read him, however, he certainly does seem to get beyond it himself, but only by way of a kind of logical (or illogical) levitation.

Dr. Church must not be held responsible for the indiscretions which we are indulging in this article. Suffice it to say that we unreservedly commend his commentary rather than our own. We go on to suggest, however, that if the ordinary reader desires what is at any rate a serious case of incipient Hegelianism in popular literature, he should turn to a novel written by an eminent Victorian, a woman of undoubted philosophical acumen. We will even venture to suggest that the sketch in question may be something of a delicate satire, a bit of philosophical fun. We refer, of course, to the dialectic of the landlord of the Rainbow Inn, in George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. The landlord's dialectic consists of repeated variants of this general formula, as follows: 'Come, come, . . . The truth lies between you: you're both right and both wrong, as I allays say. I agree wi' Mr. Macey here, as there's two opinions; and if mine was asked, I should say they're both right. Tookey's right and Winthrop's right, and they've only got to split the difference and make themselves even.' There were no contradictories, and the landlord was no Aristotelian — among disputants who were his customers! His, obviously, was the logic of appeasement — under certain circumstances. He probably used another technique in his family discipline, or in relation to his barman. Nevertheless, the landlord of the Rainbow *is* dialectic, and dialectic *is* the landlord of the Rainbow.

Dr. Church is entirely right when he says we badly need to take account of the dialectic which he expounds — or exposes. We should be happy to surrender to him for further incursions into these regions. In one context at least, may we point out, Dr. Church calls this species of thinking a mentality. Mark the word. Probably we *are* taking account of this mentality — paying the account indeed. The contradictories have inevitably asserted themselves and are now grimly envisaged in practical affairs. The battle is raging in Europe and Asia. Did not another eminent Victorian, with strange prophetic forebodings, give us melodious warnings?

'Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procureess to the Lords of Hell.'

R. SCOTT FRAYN

The Evangelical Revival and Christian Reunion. By A. W. Harrison. (Epworth Press. 8s. 6d.)

This book is an admirable guide for anyone who desires an introduction to the study of the Evangelical Revival. It is written with such distinction and charm that even the general reader will follow with unflagging interest the story of the beginnings and developments of a great crusade. Dr. Harrison takes the reader with an unerring sense of direction into little known bypaths of Methodist history. He has, for example, an interesting chapter on the Moravians and their contribution to the Revival; later he discusses sympathetically the divergence of the Moravians from the main stream and how they provided the first reasons for division. There is a series of excellent cameos of the Methodist leaders in the Revival, and of those parish clergy who were so closely identified with the movement. The account of the work in the American colonies is stimulating and valuable. Dr. Harrison has a great gift for sketching men and movements in a few deft strokes. This is evident throughout the book, but in no

chapter more than in his treatment of the Evangelicals. He does not, however, set himself to show the growing differences between the Methodist revival and the Evangelicals at the end of the century, nor the friendship which, despite this gulf, still persisted between certain of the leaders. Dr. Harrison is wholly right in stating the main doctrinal emphasis of Methodism, but ought not more to have been said about the theological contribution of Charles Wesley in his hymns, and also the relation of John Wesley's views to those of the great Reformers? But this perhaps is to ask for another book from Dr. Harrison, and how gladly one would welcome it.

The least satisfactory part of the book is that which deals with reunion. This is not because of anything the writer says, but because of all that by sheer necessity has had to be left unsaid. The views of Dr. Harrison are wise, and pungently expressed. No Methodist will dissent from them; but he could not at the very end of the book discuss fully the case for reunion either from the Catholic or Evangelical side. If Dr. Harrison had given us only a study of the Evangelical revival we should have been well content. But if he felt the necessity of linking it on with Christian reunion the balance of the book ought to have been altered to allow for a fuller treatment of that theme. Nevertheless when all is said this is a great book on a great subject. The scholarship is wide and deep, but never obtrusive, and the style is easy and unforced. No student of Methodist history can afford to be without it, and the ordinary reader will be poorer if he passes it by.

MALDWIN EDWARDS

Religion in a Planned Society. By E. C. Urwin, M.A., B.D. (The Beckly Lecture. Epworth Press. 4s. net.)

That the idea of a planned society has been the concern of many minds is sufficiently shown in the thirty-seven page book list of Karl Mannheim's *Man and Society*, and justifies Mr. Urwin's declaration that we are participants in a changing order, whether our native conservatism approves or disapproves. Questions which the statesmen of the past would not have dared to meddle with are now vital political issues; and government control — or at least interference — over various departments of our common life has continued to grow until almost everything we need or use or do is under official control. Some of it, no doubt, is temporary, but some may remain, and there are departments, such as rebuilding, where one may hope that it will remain when the war is over. We cannot wish to return to the pre-war muddle with its vile-slums, its epidemics of unemployment and malnutrition, its deficient education, its waste and frustration of human life.

All this raises questions. How far is this control and interference to go? What about freedom (that much abused word) in a planned society? And, for Christians at least, what of the Church of Jesus Christ in all this new order of things?

First, as to liberty in a planned society. Are we to become disciples of Germany, where Hitler solved the problem of the unemployed by turning the whole energy of a nation into preparation for wars of conquest? This method, as has been pointed out, involves the making of things to give away; in the case of Germany, to give to people who did not want them — bombs, for example. But there is something in the idea. Meanwhile, in a world of plenty and even deliberate waste, there are in normal times slums, malnutrition, unemployment and under-education.

As to the last: I had a couple of young soldiers in to tea. Asked if they would like to borrow books to read, one of them said: 'No thanks. I had a book once, but a fellow borrowed it and never give it back, so I never had no more.' The other merely said that he had no time for reading.

Then as to religion. Is that also to be planned? Germany has even tried its hand at that, with fearsome results. And what has religion to say about a planned society?

And what is to happen to the Church and churches where such a society exists? Mr. Urwin finds some encouragement in the fact that 'the Christian Church in Russia has had to adjust itself to a life in a planned society and still survives'. The same is true in Germany and Italy, though in the first Lutherism tends to be more docile than Calvinism, and both of them more docile than Rome. But of the Church it must be said that our divisions shame and weaken us and, at least in part, make us responsible for the prevailing European disorder and mental anarchy. Yet it remains true that even social justice cannot by itself, satisfy our deepest human needs. There are eternal values which only religion can maintain.

It must be confessed that religion in past days — Roman or Protestant — has capitulated to capitalism in varying degrees, though not without discomfort and protest. John Wesley's *Get all you can* and *Save all you can* is qualified by his *Give all you can*. The third counsel is carefully ignored by people who want to throw stones. None the less, the whole counsel was an accommodation to the growing prosperity of mill-owners and such in Wesley's day, though it was the last thing that Wesley himself thought of doing.

On the other hand there are in our own time many fine examples of Christian care for the well-being of employees on quite a big scale. It would be invidious to mention names. But even that does not solve the problem, for every new labour-saving device tends to mean unemployment for somebody. Or it means a glut of goods which cannot be sold. We must have a planned society.

Then what is going to happen to freedom? Are we to be 'regimented from childhood . . . more or less passive before the attack of a controlled press, radio and cinema?' If not, then 'wealth and privilege must be prepared to surrender some of their power'. Will they do it without some violent revolution? And what will happen to religion in the process? For religion is regarded by too many as a buttress of the present order. Yet 'religion still lives in Russia, breathes in Italy, and offers considerable opposition to being annexed in Germany'. So much depends on how far the Churches can come together and show themselves able to demonstrate the relevance of our faith to human conditions. For that faith is not only relevant; it is significant for a planned society. It combines a high sense of individual worth with the necessity of righteousness, which means right human relations. Moreover, the Church is a community which over-rides family and national divisions. Indeed, is not the present war almost a word of God to the effect that if we will not learn to live together we shall all perish together?

The task of the Church, therefore, is to be a continuous ferment in the world of men, in any planned form of society. It is to be the leaven that will leaven the whole lump or, to use another figure, a colony of heaven, 'a projection of a divine way of life into the ways of time'.

This is a clearly written and forcible book, so apropos to the days we live in that every Christian should read it. Thanks to Mr. Urwin.

G. B. ROBSON

The Hymns of Wesley and Watts. By Bernard Manning, M.A. (Epworth Press. 6s.)

When Bernard Manning passed away in Cambridge less than a year ago, a very unusual thing happened. For an uncompromising Dissenter, and one who gloried in the name of Calvinist, requiems were said at Anglo-Catholic and Roman Catholic altars. But then Bernard Manning was a very unusual person. 'He was a religious genius,' writes Dr. Bett, in the Foreword, 'and one of a very uncommon type. He was a unique combination — a scholar, a wit, a writer with a remarkably effective English

style, and an evangelical believer.' The little catalogue could be almost endlessly extended. He had an extraordinary gift for understanding men, and was scarcely ever mistaken in his assessment of their character and ability. He was as shrewd in buying a piece of land for his College as he was in advising an undergraduate about his career. He was a perfect friend. No one who turned to him in trouble ever came away empty-handed, however undeserving he might be: he would, indeed, move heaven and earth to help anyone in distress. He bore his practically lifelong physical infirmity with Christian cheerfulness, and was never for a moment either depressing or depressed. 'There can be few men,' writes one of his colleagues, 'whose death has given so much pain to those who knew him.' It was, to add a further word from Dr. Bett, 'in my deliberate judgement, the most serious loss that religion in this country has suffered for years past.'

A book from such a man is likely to be an event. In actual fact each one has been. Who, owning his volume of *Essays in Orthodox Dissent*, would willingly part with it? In this new collection of his papers it has a worthy companion. I could imagine no happier thing for Methodism just now than that every one of its ministers, deaconesses, lay preachers and youth leaders should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest these two volumes. It would be incidental to our reading that, after it, we should infallibly go hunting for everything else that Manning wrote. More important than that, we should be led to a penitent recollection of our neglected or even half-forgotten spiritual inheritance.

Only a non-Methodist could have written this tremendous tribute to the Wesley Hymn-book of 1780:

'This little book ranks in Christian literature with the Psalms, the Book of Common Prayer, the Canon of the Mass. In its own way, it is perfect, unapproachable, elemental in its perfection. You cannot alter it except to mar it; it is a work of supreme devotional art by a religious genius.'

Wherein lay the book's secret? Partly in Wesley's superb mastery of metre; Manning shows by example after example that he has no equal there. Partly in his scholarly feeling for words; 'he has the gift of elemental simplicity and stinging direct speech', and with what effortless felicity he uses the occasional Latin word. His hymns are saturated with Scripture; in metaphor and simile, not less than in doctrine, Charles Wesley 'deserves that high and unfashionable commendation: *Scriptural*'. What bunglers, by comparison, are, to name no others, 'wishy-washy Faber' and Baring Gould, 'for whom, despite my better judgement, I have a sneaking affection'. Two other features of the Wesley hymns Manning is never tired of emphasizing. The first is their intensely personal character. Yet they are saved from unhealthy introspection by their godward quality. Compare a truly sincere hymn like 'I lift my heart to Thee' with the magnificent 'And can it be that I should gain', and notice how rapidly the latter glances from the writer's experience to the divine experience and love. The second is their true Catholicity. Even Newman's 'Praise to the holiest in the height' can die away in 'humanistic tinkling'. Not so Wesley's 'With glorious clouds encompassed round', that passionate expression of catholic, evangelical, orthodox, holy faith. Wesley is obsessed with one theme: God and the Soul; he is always at Calvary. And, at that point, Manning reminds us how strikingly Watts has supplemented the Wesleys. Watts loves to set the Gospel against its cosmic background. It is he who surveys the whole realm of Nature, and at the centre sees always the dying and crucified Creator. What nobler liturgy could there be than the hymn book which this triple partnership has bequeathed to us? Manning pleads with us that we will give it a more central, a more *considered* place in our worship. Never again, if we do, shall we be tempted to say that our services are bare and cold.

So much else there is in this rich book which cannot be noticed here — its glorious

flashes of wit and fun, its fascinating speculations, its historical memories, its judgments which startle only to convince. No review, least of all this, can do it justice.

W. HAROLD BEALES

Didsbury College Centenary, 1842-1942. Edited by W. Bardsley Brash and Charles J. Wright. (Epworth Press. 6s.)

My first memory of Didsbury is really of a scene in Manchester Central railway station. Peter Williams, William Erleigh and Albert Proctor, all the way from South Africa, standing like three musketeers in the midst of a mass of luggage, filled one side of the station — the rest of which was occupied by Clark Gibson and his 'cello; though somewhere tucked away must have been the long legs of Henry Hogarth.

The volume of essays written for the Centenary of the College is in my hand. Let us praise it without stint and enjoy it without restraint — praise its editor, its writers, its publisher and, I think, the mind that saw how inevitably the presentation of the 100 years with its many tutors and two thousand students must be bunched *à la bouquet*. If this commemorative volume had become a casualty of the War, none could have wondered. There were doubtless plenty of rocks on which to make shipwreck. One may well wonder, that through the debris of dust, rusty iron and broken granite of an age tearing its beauties to pieces, comes upspringing this symbol of the immortalities in the Titan-blasted year 1942.

Lovingly, as one should, I read on through it all in turn: Editor's Preface, the Dedication, the President's Foreword. Suddenly I know what I am doing. I am walking along the platform looking for my seat in the train. The first essays naturally enough were not the place I should settle down, but I lingered. There was T. H. Barratt's khaki-clad student who arrived at College six weeks late. Beyond the Himalayas over against Tibet he'd been holding a fort. At the war's end he got forgotten and went on holding the fort. Bardsley Brash made me want to add a few crumbs to his feast and say a little more of John Wesley's debt to Didsbury. I am glad he remembered Peter Mackenzie, omitted from the list, who came to Didsbury a married man and lodged with his wife down the village. Alex Findlay's happy figure of plying to and fro like a little pinnacle on the ghosted waters of N. T. Greek reminded me of the light that wouldn't go out in Dr. J. H. Moulton's study, especially when one had nefarious business in hand, and for the sake of which we crammed until the examiners grew grey-haired, devising ways of dropping us a mark or two for very shame's sake. I nearly boarded the train when J. E. Rattenbury came in sight; of course not in the same compartment, but I thought to creep to the end of the same carriage and get in there. However, a little higher up the platform a door opened of itself. Although I noticed some gallant work going on further ahead, I was content to drop into my seat in the country covered by the memories of Wilbert Howard.

To the felicities of that essay I could not add (though there is a shrinking in me from 'pompous' and 'frigid' as applied to the shy and reticulated personality of John Smith Simon). I could throw a little light on a few things still lying in shadowed hollows. A tribute to Charles James Bain Gould — the first, perverse, exasperating editor of the College Magazine — takes precedence. I recall the week-end he brought back from Liverpool the sketch of a galleon by Cyril Goldie. Does that still survive? The illustration on the jacket is different and omits the human doing the eagle crawl as in the original. How we assaulted the oldest survivors of Didsbury to tell us what the place was like in their day. Would they tell us? They would not; and to fill up the gap someone had to stay up a night or two and write something that might just as well have been

addressed to the Silenites. They tore up our reproachful letters and dropped them in their waste-paper baskets and said: 'Good Old Ship'. For the magazine did confirm and cement that title in tradition — a tradition which surely goes back to that fulminating sermon of Charles Wesley on Acts 28 and to the little grey horse trotting to City Road, where at No. 47 the ship's company were gathered for song and whence to Abney House, Hoxton, it was but a stone's throw so to speak.

A. W. Harrison wrote me an article that did produce a ripple in the sublimely indifferent world outside. It was on a Methodist Morality Play. I promptly challenged him to produce one; indicating it was all very well to talk about such a thing but where were the goods? He has done nearly everything else but not that. And there is another thing he hasn't done which I wish he had in this volume. Someone has got to watch the future of Theological Institutions in this day of changing educations, and who better than he?

At the moment I am No. 24 in the ward. That means I am the grateful guest of the Greyhound Racing Association, as is published on the wall. We have a daily visitor whose cassock is beautiful millinery. 'Of course,' said my own vicar, 'now he knows what an outcast you are as a Methodist he won't come and talk with you. You see,' he apologized, 'he's the victim of a Theological Institution.'

Didsbury was never mostly, if at all, a Theological Institution — it was just one of those unique products that Methodism made willy-nilly. I enjoyed it as if it were a new star God made for me to dwell in, which indeed it was. Twice in a generation war has torn up Didsbury by the roots. T. H. Barratt and his men coaxed it into life again once. Will Methodism do it again? Why not? Every factor in its remaking can be repeated more or less easily except one. That doubtful factor concerns some of the real makers of Didsbury. They met you at the station on Saturday night. 'Be you our student?' They bathed the baby in front of the kitchen fire with one hand and fed you with ham and eggs at the kitchen table with the other. They gave you the treat of a ride in their new car, which nearly always broke down and arrived home on a tow-rope. They spoiled you without sense, admired you without reason, valued you without justification and over the body of 'our student' they would have died. Meanwhile they flaunted you before the Baptists on the hill, and, with you, gave the Congers, or, more probably, the Prims in Market Street (who'd got a local), one in the eye, and knocked a little sense into your head and plucked a little music out of your heart.

I confess to a little fear of a vastly improved Theological Institution, tuned up to after-the-war pitch, without that which was a principle in the making of Didsbury, namely, the love of the Methodist people.

Under the Williams' Portrait of John Wesley it would have been good to have put the true tale. I do plead that its value should not be exaggerated and that the facts attesting its value should be printed in some convenient place. Richard Green, with data now forgotten before him, accepted it as a replica or early copy of a possible Williams painting. So did Morley Punshon and Dr. Hoole claim no more for the Williams now at Epworth Press. I don't suppose George Stampe was equally modest about the one he sold to Lincoln College, but then it isn't so good. In 1741-43 Wesley's face was a marketable proposition and the land was beginning to be flooded with engravings and portraits in oils thereof. Among those that survive with any sort of attestation the Didsbury comes first. Wesley may have given some sort of sitting to J. M. Williams. But none can be sure that it was not painted from an engraving. When Mr. John Turnley, born c. 1774, retired from business in London, where he had known Wesley personally, he brought to Southport this portrait. He died in 1854. On the testimony of Mr. Turnley's niece this was the portrait James Stelfox bought in 1880, and, I imagine, awakened the interest of Mr. John L. Barker of Bowdon, who presented it to the College. There may be more detailed information about, and I

would gladly be corrected. But for one reason I would plead the value of the Didsbury Portrait be not over estimated.

About the years of its founding T. P. Bunting, who had seen Wesley, often described his face, with hues of ripe corn and red apples. Nor is there any evidence of a Miltonic face with raven-black hair and gipsy skin. All scraps of evidence point the other way. So do not overestimate even the Williams.

Not that perhaps it matters much. Methodism has often tried to follow St. Ignatius Loyola, and has found it has been following all the time St. Francis. Didsbury, I think, was instituted to do honour to Loyola; as a matter of fact the saint who actually moved within its shades was Francis and that's why I'm not so fond after all of John in the Ignatian model over the mantelpiece.

P. L. BOYLING

A Common Faith or Synthesis. By J. B. Coates. (George Allen & Unwin, 6s.)

The author has been fortunate in securing a foreword from John Macmurray. It adds to the value of the book very considerably. The subject-matter of this book is right up to date. It is highly controversial and will excite disagreement on many points, but no teacher or preacher should be ignorant of the vital questions considered. It will stimulate thought, and necessary thought. The writer is eager and earnest, and tries hard to be fair. The reader needs to be on his guard as not infrequently the author, apparently unconsciously, assumes the point he is supposed to be proving. The thesis is that the war, vast as it is, is but part of a much larger question. Everything is in the melting pot of a world-wide revolution. Hitler is said to have told Chamberlain that the great advantage on Germany's side was that she had passed through her revolution and England had yet to weather the storm. The term 'New Order' is no catch phrase. Not merely in industrial life, but in all aspects of human life, *laissez-faire* is dead. That element in totalitarianism which involves government interference with the individual will spread and will become increasingly comprehensive. All life will be more rigidly ordered. A different kind of society is in formation. The cause of our present distresses is a fundamental disunity. There is no harmony or correlation between ethical and religious values and the organization of political, social, and industrial life. If the cleavage persists, civilization will perish. The only salvation is by finding some effective way effecting a synthesis of the religious and the political impulses. The author drives home the point that somehow a generally accepted ethic has to be hammered out. The great evil is the separation of ethics and politics.

'The greatest proof of the corruption of official Christianity is that it makes no serious effort to organize itself to affect politics and social practice.' 'The present war can only be regarded as a crusade for noble ends if the highest ethical aims are applied to the political sphere and men feel able to express their duty to God and their highest conception of their duty to man in political terms.'

Reading between the lines one can see that the author feels that the atheist working conscientiously for Left views is nearer the angels than is the Christian. This obviously distresses him and fills him with foreboding. He warns the Christian that no closed system of thought can win the wide support that unity needs. The sceptical spirit must be allowed full freedom. This leads on to the surprising statement that those 'Christian thinkers who insist that the solution of our modern problems must be on a Christian basis are doing some disservice they claim to wish to support'. He tries to balance this by admitting that 'An insistence on atheistic beliefs would clearly have a similar effect'.

The ethic that will save the world must be a synthesis that will win and operate among all good men. It must join religion and politics, church and state, religion

and science, science and society, art and literature. Marxism fails because it emphasizes power rather than right and because it denies absolute standards in morals and culture. The Church fails because people feel that it is out of touch with life. 'It is probably true to-day that genuine religious feeling is more often found in secular than in religious bodies, so that the great civilizing movements of the day are led by men and women who have cast off all religious affiliations.' But he sees that political and secular bodies are not effective instruments for canalizing the religious impulse. The motives are too various. The divorce that has brought about the perilous disunity must be overcome, or there is no way of life. Consequently the book insists over and over again that a new spirit is needed which will interpenetrate personal and social life with a right ethic. The book is a sign of the times. Men are beginning to see that the foundations need examining. This book aims at that, and agree or disagree, it will repay very careful reading.

ERNEST BARRETT

From the White Cottage — Letters in Wartime. By Sydney Walton. (Epworth Press, 5s. net.)

This is a fine collection of letters, written to a young Englishman from Harrow, residing in Johannesburg, and cover the thrilling period from September 1939 to December 1941. Each letter is complete in itself, but when the twenty-eight are linked together they gain in beauty like a string of lovely pearls. The letters picture the happenings of this devastating period and show their reactions on the mind and heart of a cultured Christian gentleman, who never slurs over the hideous happenings, for he can say, 'we have looked the furnace in the face'. Sirens shriek as he writes, and destruction is everywhere, but he retains his poise, resilience and sanity. The letters express faith, and understanding of the indestructible qualities of life. Those who know the writer would expect to find his letters shot with silk, for he is familiar with great literature and can quote effectively, and in addition they reflect the priceless messages of the Bible, which he can quote easily and without affectation, suggesting that familiarity which comes from constant use. He has a distinctive technique as a writer, which might be called Waltonian and is evident in every page.

Mr. Walton has the supreme gift of seeing June in black and arctic January — and the faculty of getting beneath the skin of adversity to find compensation. He points out that wartime conditions, among other things, have led to a new understanding of friendship — and broken down its restrictive barriers.

'We lend our souls out, as it were; we exchange strength; we share hopes and fears, doubling those and halving these, by the act of sharing: we become class-less citizens in a warm, new commonwealth.'

May I quote three 'thumb-nail reflections' from his pen?

'The East End was our shame; it became our glory. In the battle for Britain the endurance, the bravery, the Cockney wit and gaiety of spirit, the fine fellowship in suffering, the Goodwill, one towards another in these fierce weeks, the faith that would not yield, these qualities revealed the East End, the wilderness blossoming as the rose, the very ashes as ending in the air to give richer, rarer colour.'

Again:

'The marks of the brute are on our noblest as on our commonist masonry. London still stands and lives a majestic metropolis, lovelier than ever to hearts that love her, an epic of sublime endurance, an exalted city, a city exulting in the fact of being liberty's brave citadel.'

He further says

'The blitzkrieg, after sojourning in London for eighty dreadful nights, is to be on pilgrimage, it seems — Coventry, Bristol, Southampton, Birmingham; what city

to-night? I believe I speak for Londoners when I say that we would prefer to hold the tribulation to ourselves. We have become veterans, we know the whims and ways of death-planes, we have formed fresh habits of defence and dispersal. With the swift passion of a mother's love for her children, the Metropolis could wish to spare and shield younger cities from the fiery visitation and the plague of bombs.

The letters are finely produced by the Epworth Press, with a covering jacket, which pictures the garden side of the White Cottage. These letters are a cinematograph in colour, of the world happenings in London, as viewed from the vantage point of Harrow. The sharp headlines of the Press are soon forgotten — even the eagerly waited news of the B.B.C. fades, and the speech of national leaders vanishes, as a thing of yesterday; it is therefore important that a permanent record should be made of the days — our own days — when history was made. This generation would, be impoverished if it allowed the moral surge of great events to quickly slip away.

In these days, when coupons restrict purchases, may I suggest that these letters would make a lovely gift for birthday or Christmas, for they have fragrance which will last, long after this deadly strife has passed.

May I add that Mr. Walton, with characteristic generosity, is giving 'every penny' of profit produced by this book to the Harrow Hospital — of which he is the President.

WILLIAM E. CLEGG

An Unknown Land. By Viscount Samuel. (George Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

It was bound to happen — the wonder is that it has not happened sooner — that some writer should take one of the old utopian romances and bring it up to date. It has now been done by Viscount Samuel. Three centuries ago Bacon, in his *New Atlantis*, sketched an ideal community on the island of Bensalem, the situation of which is not revealed save that it is somewhere in the wide waters of the South Pacific. The unnamed hero of Samuel's book becomes convinced that Bacon's work was not a creation of the imagination but a recital of fact, and equips a small vessel to search for Bensalem. After many months his ship is wrecked on a small island near to Bensalem, and thus he reaches his goal.

He discovers that great progress has been made since Bacon's day, not only in scientific thought and invention which was Bacon's chief interest, but in the whole range of social life. The fundamental change has been an increase of mental power through an enlargement of the brain. After long experiment, first with animals and then with humans, it was discovered that, without any ill effects, the skull could be inflated, thus allowing greater expansion of the brain. The process, called by the appropriately ugly name of suturization, had to be applied to each individual. The necessary treatment was commenced shortly after birth and continued for some years, with the result that a Bensal head was three or four inches larger in circumference than an average human head. The islanders whose acquaintance we are privileged to make do not give evidence of such superior brain-power; but that is perhaps more than we are entitled to expect of the author.

Life on the island is wholly communistic. The working-week is nine hours. The population of about two millions is kept stationary, birth-control being generally practised. All our social problems have been solved. The people are all highly educated, without vices and religious. The religion is Christianity enriched by the best in other faiths. A very curious achievement is that all the vast accumulation of knowledge through the centuries has been sifted, evaluated and sorted into three classes — the true, the untrue and the possibly true. The unchallengeable principles are few. Vast numbers of ideas have been scrapped as worthless. If Viscount Samuel thinks that ideas can be finally labelled by a Committee of experts, and truth ascertained in that simple way, we cannot share his optimism. The few established

or discarded ideas which he uses as illustrations do not commend the method to us. It is to be hoped that no order of civilization, however advanced, will ever attempt an *index expurgatorius* in ideas.

Four other smaller islands near to Bensalem are inhabited by people who refused to submit to suturization and are known as small-heads. They are cleverly used to satirize Russia, Germany and England. The author's prejudices peep out here; his description of Russia might have been more sympathetic. The strength and weakness of our own country is exhibited with skill and humour. The book is well written and full of interest from the first page to the last, and it does pillory the follies of present-day civilization. On the eve of the hero's departure from Bensalem he is asked how he thinks the people of England will react to his account of this higher civilization, and he admits that they will probably call it dull. It is the fate of all utopias. Bensalem is paradise, but the world outside paradise, with all its faults, seems somehow more attractive.

E. B. STORR

Your Mind Can Heal You. By Frederick W. Bailes. (Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 7s. 6d.)

This is not the sort of book the title would lead one to expect; it is not a sketch of modern psychological conceptions and procedures. The author seeks to provide a philosophy of *all* healing. He suggests that modern schools of mental healing fall into two groups: that of the psychiatrist and psychologist where the basis of all work is found in 'analysis and suggestion', and that of the outline found in the present book, which, he says, is the method of Jesus. This method consists in treating man as a spiritual being whose body is of spiritual substance and therefore never can have been really sick. True, man feels pain and suffers disease, but these are manifestations of his mental states. The ailing life must be seen as 'a perfect concept in the Mind of God', and then that perfect concept, consciously held and fully believed, must be committed to the 'subjective mind' which, in its creativity, will work toward that realization; for *others* as well as for oneself.

Thus the thesis of the book is a mixture of absolute idealism, of the modern physicist's vibrations and of what I should describe as the integrity of all psychological processes. I can only leave the reader to disentangle these for himself. Where precision is lacking there is radiant generalization in abundance. The fact is that the author has had actual experience of a far richer world than he can bring within the confines of any philosophic scheme. I should say that his genuine grasp of a spiritual reading of life is the most potent factor in him. In actual practice he makes much use of what he has appreciated of psychological procedure; he is ready to learn and ready to use any helpfulness that comes to hand. But this means that there is, at times, a superficial acquaintance that issues in partial statement.

The book will not satisfy those who are philosophically inclined nor those who are psychologically informed. Yet there is something in it of real value: a value that does not depend upon the thesis. Rarely have I seen spiritual discipline in any approach to healing lifted to such a level. There are pages here that can work purification. The words on unimpaired love and the inner motive of the healer are words of purity and excellence. There is so much in psychological or spiritual healing that is beyond all technique, as such, that these words are timely and worthy.

JOHN MARTIN

Psychology and Religious Truth. By T. Hywel Hughes, M.A., D.LITT., D.D. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

This is a book of which to take note. *Psychology*, in recent years, has been made to appear by many of its devotees equal to solving *all* the problems of mankind. They have

been so to speak, 'cocksure' that they have had 'the last word' on many subjects. Theology often has been estimated as very much lower than 'the old position' it had as 'the Queen of Sciences' by the modern psychologists. It is refreshing to have such a book as this, which puts psychology (which has done us so much for the advance of knowledge) in its right place among the sciences; though that is putting it off the pedestal on which its devotees had placed it. We need to have *balanced* view of life and literature, and this little book helps to that end. We commend its study by all men and women of thought, for it will help to rightful action. Preachers and teachers ought to 'read, mark and inwardly digest' it. There are so many 'good things' in it that it is difficult to choose what to quote and from such an embarrassment of riches what to pick out to show others so that they will come to the same source of help. This must suffice:

'The father of the present Archbishop Temple said on one occasion: "We need a new theology and the kind of new theology we need is the psychological." In so far as this statement implies an emphasis in experience, we can accept it, but psychology alone cannot give us a satisfactory theology. . . It can help us considerably . . . by clearing away ideas that are contrary to psychological truth and especially by the fuller knowledge of personality made possible by psychological study. It can, in this way, lead to a better understanding of the processes of religious life and experience.'

Of modern philosophers, Josiah Royce is the most psychological (p. 119): If, as Royce maintains, personality is what it does,—and the central fact in personality is the will in its energy and activity—then we can understand how the conclusion was reached that He who had done God's work in the Apostles was Himself divine . . . Here we come at last to the self-consciousness of Jesus. In fact this is the basic ground, all other testimony is secondary and inferential . . . We have already insisted that the psychologists have done scant justice to the self-consciousness of Jesus: this cannot be said of the theologians, for they have given careful and detailed attention to this question.

'Royce sees that individual experience has its perils. Though it is fundamental and indispensable, it is inadequate and in need of supplement by social experience, reason and the will which actively "works" the truth. To these he adds two more sources, Sorrow, and finally the fellowship of the Church invisible or the beloved community' ('I believe . . . in the communion of saints').

It is the spiritual fellowship of the organized religious brotherhood that the Church of Christ needs to-day to emphasize more and more. We find Dr. Hughes rightly interpreting Royce when the latter says that whilst individual experience is the foundation of such spiritual insight, the enlightened and inspired experience of the invisible Church is the crowning point of this insight; these two fused and illumined by love and deepened by service are supreme as sources of knowledge in the realm of divine truth.

He thinks the supreme task for the psychologists of the future will be to unravel the mysterious laws and the mode of operation followed by the unconscious factors of the mind.

GEORGE A. SWAINE

Adam Clarke. By Maldwyn L. Edwards, M.A., PH.D. (Epworth Press. 1s. 6d.)

It is difficult to see how more could be compressed into this brief lecture, which was given under the auspices of the Wesley Historical Society. The materials, however, are handled with skill and insight. One rises from reading the little volume with the feeling that one has been looking at a fine painting of a great soul. Dr. Adam Clarke was one of the most lovable of men. Across the radiance of his life the dark shadow of Dr. Jabez Bunting is seen to fall, if only for a little while. Men who have been com-

pelled to superannuate before their strength was spent may find whatever consolation comes from knowing that it is an experience they share with Methodism's 'most universal scholar'. Few men have ever had such a multitude of blended gifts and aptitudes. As a linguist alone, Adam Clarke would have acquired a national, or even international reputation. He was, however, a lover of all kinds of knowledge. Nothing came amiss to him. He was at home with men of learning, and with peasants, whose interests he lovingly guarded on his Circuits. If Bunting was a greater statesman, and Newton a more profound theologian, they both were forward to admit the greatness and authority of Clarke.

Dr. Edwards has made us his debtor by his masterly sketch — it can obviously be little more. After a chapter on contemporary conditions we see the preacher, whose rich mind and gift of utterance were both invoked in such preaching as often ended in 'some weeping, some smiling and some shouting for joy'.

We have only to recall a tithe of Adam Clarke's achievements to appreciate what Dr. Edwards calls his 'amazing industry'. Three times he was called to the Presidency of the Conference, but from such honour he shrank, as one who felt himself unworthy. The lecture closes with a glimpse of the great man's happy home. He was blessed in having those around whom he loved with the same tenderness they cherished for him. He was one of the greatest men who have bequeathed to Methodists the heritage of intellectual power and spiritual splendour.

R. PYKE

The Church in the New Jamaica. By J. Merle Davis.

This well-printed little book of 100 pages has been written by the Director of Social and Economic Research and Council of the International Missionary Council. Here indeed is research and counsel. The writer has presented facts in such a way as to stimulate imagination, and in following his thought there is fascinating interest. He is appreciative of the Christian work done by the pioneer missionaries: he presents the Negro Jamaican of to-day clearly and sympathetically. He has Christian hope for the future of these black folk and recognizes the great opportunity the Christian Church has of a fuller service than even the past has offered. For all who are interested in the coming of the Kingdom, for all who have been or who propose to go to Jamaica, this is a book to read.

W. H. EVERS

India and Freedom. By L. S. Amery. (Oxford University Press. 2s.)

If facing facts is a disqualification in a writer or speaker on the Indian political situation then the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P., cannot claim to be heard. Holding the responsible position of Secretary of State for India, he is forced to take into consideration the many factors that make the Indian problem such a complicated one. In a collection of speeches made in the last three years, all dealing with the position in that country, it is not surprising that he should cover the same ground more than once. The speeches show how the political situation has been affected by the war and the efforts of Government to meet each new development. Sincere though those efforts have been they have not availed, and opinions may differ as to where the responsibility for failure lies. Mr. Amery states clearly that the obstacles to a satisfactory solution 'arise more from the inherent complexities in India's own internal religious, social and historic structure, than from any reluctance on our part to hasten the transition from one control to the other'. While there is a certain geographical and racial unity, it is not strong enough to bind the people together in one government. Though previous rulers have attempted to extend their authority over India as a whole, 'the British rule alone succeeded in giving India that political unity which is

the indispensable condition of her free and peaceful development'. The demand of Congress to settle the future form of government by means of a Constituent Assembly is an impossible demand which meets with unrelenting opposition from other large sections of the community and cannot be accepted by those who have a responsibility toward them. Disappointed though the British Government may be at the failure of their efforts to bring about an understanding, Mr. Amery shows that he is not without hope that wiser counsels will prevail.

A. R. SLATER

Facing the Future. Letters to John Citizen. By Lord Davies. (Staples & Staples, 3s. 6d.)

This book frankly faces the facts and in terse, colloquial and sometimes vulgar English challenges young manhood concerning the future of mankind. It attempts with much success to explain the fundamental principles we should adopt if we want to secure a lasting peace. The author contends that we should approve the programme of the New Commonwealth—a successor to the League of Nations—which demands active and not passive support. He calls for clear thinking on the issues of Democracy as a preliminary to the abolition of war while maintaining adequate policing safeguards. Coupled with democracy is federalism—the twin pillars in the citadel of justice and the temple of peace. Further, the Rule of Law must be established as a way to true freedom and the recognition of the rights and duties of man. Lord Davies bravely faces the economic riddle and on the whole carries conviction, since he does not pin his faith to any particular system. He believes that backward nations should not be the perquisites of any people, but a freehold for whose political guidance and economic development the whole world is responsible. In this America and Britain must fully co-operate as a first instalment of a world federation. Thus the Great Betrayal which followed the last war will be avoided and revenge be translated into reform. This ideal state of affairs depends on the individual to-day—the Mr. John Citizen and his cousin Jonathan, and for its realization we must all work as hard as we have done to win the war. Such is the theme of this frank, outspoken book, which will provoke controversy but also produce good.

J. H. M.

Christianity and Civilization. By H. G. Wood. (Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.)

The Cambridge University Press is to be congratulated on publishing a new series of books on 'Current Problems' of which this is the sixteenth. In this volume is reproduced the substance of six lectures delivered in Cambridge during the Lent Term, 1942. Its 125 pages have the merits of brevity without inadequacy. Professor Wood begins by revealing the inner nature of the present crisis. Liberty, Justice, Mercy and Truth are being discarded and attacked, but they are the foundations of civilization, and wherever they are overthrown a new barbarism arises. The ideas themselves, though based in Greek and Hebrew thought, received their present content from Christianity. It is therefore significant that with the rise of the new barbarism there has been the growth of a new paganism. The scientific spirit with its search for truth is necessary to any attempt at recovery, but the 'scientific attitude' (especially as seen in Wells, Huxley, Hogben, etc., and set forth in C. H. Waddington's *Pelican*) provides no firm basis for liberty, justice or mercy. The question of the relation of science to ethics arises. The desire for efficiency must be countered with the question 'Efficiency for what?' Professor Wood sees a very real threat to humanity in that scientists 'will handle and treat their fellow-men as things'. It must be fundamental to any new order as it is to ethics that men are not means but ends in themselves. Marxism on the other hand offers justice—but not liberty, mercy or truth. The

Russian revolution met certain needs — at a cost. The Marxist philosophy provided a unifying principle to life that had been absent from the cultural situation, but in its theory of the class-war and religion it is an oversimplification of the facts of history to such an extent that it becomes a falsification. Christianity demands for society nationally and universally a co-operative commonwealth. The Kingdom Jesus proclaimed was to be realized in a fellowship, the essential of which was personal friendship, and its coming would transform economic and social relations, but the basis of its peace was only to be found in a personal relation with God. For this reason the concluding chapter, headed 'Good Friday 1942', is an exposition of the Christian gospel. The modern situation is parallel to that which Paul faced in his Epistle to the Romans, and the solution is that which he gives there. As Professor Wood says: 'To believe in the forgiveness of sins is to believe in the possibility of moral and spiritual renewal. To experience forgiveness is to find one's self already caught up in the tide of the new life . . . The gospel of forgiveness is thus the door of hope for mankind'.

Here is a clear, concise discussion of the most urgent problem of the times. This book contains the informed criticism and balanced judgement of an expert. It is recommended to student and general reader alike.

R. K.

A Creed for Free Men. By William Adams Brown. (S.C.M. Press. 5s.)

This abridged edition of a great book is timely and welcome. The author is a leader of American life and thought. The opening sentence gives the key to the whole volume; 'to set down in simple language some convictions as to the meaning of life, which, if they could be widely accepted as a working philosophy, might supply the unifying faith which our world lacks to-day.' The author shows that neither science, the Church nor power have supplied such faith. The necessity is for an international party which will increase the store of goodwill in faith as such a party has done in medicine and sport. He shows how the faith of a Christian reinforces the democrat's loyalty and proceeds to test the democrat's creed by life. The free man believes that there is something in each human individual which gives him a value which society is bound to respect, that such a man owes a debt to society and that all men, being imperfect, need discipline but are capable through trust of becoming better. It is a man's life that matters, whether he be a commoner or expert. It is his spirit, his magnanimity that counts. The Church alone can supply the spirit that overcomes through love. In loyalty to the Church, the Beloved Community, the Fellowship of the Free, now and in the years to come we may find our completest self-fulfilment and our highest joy. This is the one thing of which we are sure in a changing world. With a thoroughness that is characteristic of the best American thought the author surveys his theme and leaves us with the conviction that there is a creed for free men.

The Life Indeed. Compiled by W. G. Hanson. (Epworth Press. 1s. 3d.)

This is No. 10 of the Wayside Books, and consists of gems of thought from the devotional writings of Dr. Rendel Harris. The introduction by Dr. J. Alexander Findlay is itself a perfect gem and worth considerably more than the modest cost of the book. He writes with deep affection of his friend, teacher and inspirer, and gives unforgettably vivid glimpses of one who was above all else a saint, and who was the instrument in changing the current of his mental and spiritual life. Rendel Harris's scholarship is well known but the greatest thing about him was his likeness to his Master. His amazing humility and simplicity were combined with the wisdom of a serpent. How certain he was of himself, how penetrating, yet simplicity itself. It is impossible to forget his greeting to his friend Bishop Gore on one occasion, who had come in his ceremonial robes: 'Come on, Charlie, take off that flummery, and talk to

me, like the man you and I know you are.' Or when, in addressing a meeting of ministers, he declared their dangers to be three: platitudinarianism, latitudinarianism, and attitudinarianism. In addressing academic audiences his mixture of laughter and deep devotion would cut out the critical mind as tears followed smiles. In his travels abroad he rendered much service to those in need, and in many adventures seemed to bear a charmed life. 'A man whom it is impossible either to remember as he deserves to be remembered, or to forget'. It is a little book to have close at hand to pick up at any time and often. The compilation is excellently done, all under the headings of great themes in the devotional life, in which it is easy to catch the charm of wide culture as also the truth at the heart of the subject. For instance: 'Much of our faith so called is only a beating of the air, and not really an advancement of the soul; we profess a great deal which has no practical bearing on our lives. Yet all true believing is becoming. A man becomes a different man; he alters his stature, not indeed by taking thought thereunto, but even as the lilies grow; and adding together the receiving and the becoming, we find that we are the children of God.' Or: 'All true spiritual life must widen the soul; the more we live with Jesus the more impossible will it be for any of us to be narrow. Out littleness takes refuge with God, and His greatness makes its abode with us.' And again: 'We trace all our good to Jesus Christ, whenever we see a rightly ordered state or look upon a well-saved soul.' If Christ had not promulgated our liberties in His new charter, if priestcraft had not come under His lash, and the slave had not found the sealed orders of his emancipation amongst Christ's papers, we should have to answer John's question, 'Are we to look for another?' in the affirmative. Truly a charming little wayside treasure.

The Eternal Front. By Elizabeth Castonier. (James Clarke & Co. 3s. 6d.)

This book serves the useful purpose of bringing together the various efforts of the Christian Churches on the Continent to meet the critical situation caused by the determination of the Nazis to break the power and influence of the Christian faith in the countries they control. Such information as is contained in this book is not easily available to the general reader, and the writer has been careful to give definite cases of the part played by individuals as well as by the Church authorities in their protests against the deliberate attempt to stifle the religious expression of the people. In several countries the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches have united in these protests. The attitude taken in all the districts may be summed up in the words used to describe the actions of the Church in Czechoslovakia. 'But in spite of these acts of terror which were meant to frighten the clergy and the faithful and to disturb and finally suppress religious life, the clergy remained firm and fulfilled their duties and the faithful continued to flock to the Churches.' In not all the countries have the Churches met with the same success as in Norway, where 'after almost two years of Nazi rule the Norwegian Lutherans are not only firmly holding their positions, but they have even succeeded in strengthening them'.

The Sermon on the Mount. By C. F. Andrews. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)

This posthumous book crystallizes the life of its author and delineates the mind of Jesus for the modern Christian. It is a devotional commentary based on the Sermon on the Mount and it is said of Andrews that he lived that Sermon more truly than any since it was first uttered. A remarkable tribute is paid in a foreword by Rabindranath Tagore. An interesting note by Agatha Harrison tells how the desire to write a life of Christ was uppermost in the closing years of the author's life, but this slender volume is all that was possible, since Andrews was so busy living Christ that he could not write about Him. The book is the man and the insight it gives of utter devotion to the Christlike life is most moving. The first two chapters are in the nature of introduction

and reveal Andrews' convictions concerning Christianity. Subsequent chapters on the Kingdom of God, the Text of the Sermon, the Beatitudes, the Parables, the Old and the New, the Law of Love, the practical test and the danger of hypocrisy are full of light and pregnant with meaning. The appendix on First Aids to Prayer does guide the reader in his approach to God and might profitably be published as a pamphlet. This is a book of rare spiritual worth and a fitting epitaph to one whose life so resembled his Master's.

Religion and Life. A Symposium. (King & Staples. 2s.)

The fact that 'Religion and Life' weeks are being held in many places gives point to the issue of this book. All the contributors to this volume have taken part in such series and their opinions may well form a programme for others. The great human issues are briefly considered under nine headings and for each subject a master mind speaks. The themes deal with religion, life, sex, society, home, education, commerce, the Church, the world and the Universal Church. In each case a picture of the speaker and notes as to his qualification add to the value of the book. When you have leaders like Dr. Craig, Dr. Paton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. W. B. Inglis and Canon Cockin, we may be sure that the material offered and the consideration given is of the best.

The Day is at Hand. By Alec Boggis and Kenneth Budd. (Allen & Unwin. 5s.)

To-morrow and the Church are the themes of these letters written by an enthusiastic devout layman and a keen parish priest who is a chaplain to the forces. The failure of the Church to-day and its possibilities of redemption to-morrow are becoming standard subjects of wartime Christian literature. The spate of questions which runs through the channel of these letters has all the elements of a torrent, and while much is broken and left desolate in the process one hopes that when the force has been harnessed to the tasks it will retain its power to refashion the world. The answer to some of the questions raised, as the Bishop of Sheffield says, lies at a deeper level of thought than that revealed here. Many of the things to which the layman objects have indeed passed away and the reconstruction of to-morrow with the debris of to-day will prove for both these writers a formidable task which we believe they will tackle as bravely as they now criticize. The redemption of the world and of the Church is not primarily achieved by social, political or ecclesiastical reform, however drastic, but by spiritual regeneration. The writers know the second even while they discuss the first. It is a provocative book, as it was intended to be. We hope it will help in the building of a new world.

Crowned Lamps. By Sidney H. Price. (Ludgate Circus House. 2s. 6d.)

With a striking cover, these fifty-two talks to boys and girls offer useful material to youth workers. The single idea in each yarn is effectively put and in some cases the themes are new to us. 'The Story of John Melly' and 'A Rope of Black Pearls' are good examples of fresh material. The moral of the stories is rather overstressed in some instances, because the modern boy and girl are quick to realize that without being told. Nevertheless this is a collection of addresses well above the average.

Myself and My Fellows. Senior Lessons. (Religious Education Press. 4s. 6d.)

It is high praise to say that this sequel book is equal in merit and production to its predecessor *God and Myself*, yet it is so. Here is a clear outline of religious teaching on the agreed syllabus, and the Religious Education Press have rendered signal service in offering this volume to teachers of senior classes. The programme is without dates and provides a good guide for some years. The scripture lessons are well chosen and

adapted to the classes. The biographical studies break new ground and are among the best we have seen. The series on the Christian Way of Life has effectively linked the common path to the Divine Way. The closing lessons under the general title 'My Sphere of Service' will make all that has been taught part of the daily life. The illustrations, notes and indexes are all good. This is a welcome addition to the teacher's library.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

The Journal of Theological Studies (July-October, 1942). — The article, by Dr. Wheeler Robinson, 'Hebrew Sacrifice and Prophetic Symbolism', is on the same lines as an essay which he contributed some years ago to a volume, *Old Testament Essays*, and which is further developed in his recent book, *Redemption and Revelation*. No student of the doctrine of sacrifice in the Old Testament and of the theory of sacraments in the New Testament should miss this important contribution. In the section Notes and Studies textual criticism is well represented, lexical and grammatical points in the Hebrew and Greek Testaments are discussed, erudite notes deal with biblical chronology and ecclesiastical history and biography, and Professor Broad's recent cavalier treatment of the Cosmological Argument is criticized. The Reviews are, as always, varied, interesting and thoroughly competent. Among these we may mention the Dean of Christ Church's discriminating comments upon A. G. Hebert's *The Throne of David*, Dr. Wheeler Robinson's appreciation of Dr. Rattenbury's Fernley-Hartley Lecture, Dr. J. K. Mozley's commendatory review of Dr. Vincent Taylor's *Forgiveness and Reconciliation*, Mr. Austin Farrer's treatment of M. Kiddle's recent exposition of the Apocalypse and of Kemp Smith's *The Philosophy of David Hume*, Professor De Burgh's essay upon the Philosophy of Schleiermacher, based on R. B. Brandt's book with that title, Professor Grensted's critique of John Laird's Gifford Lectures on Mind and Deity, and Dr. Leonard Hodgson's review of Dr. N. Micklem's *The Theology of Politics*. Every reader will find some portions of this variegated fare suitable to his palate. Only the gourmand would expect to taste and appreciate every dish, excellent though it be.

The Hibbert Journal (July, 1942). — This number will be distinguished for many readers by a clear and forthright article by Dr. W. B. Sulbie on 'The Theological Colleges and Religious Education,' in which he says that one of the most crying needs of the Church to-day is a genuine teaching ministry. If theological colleges are to supply such men in adequate numbers, some drastic reforms in method and curriculum will be necessary. We need men who are open-eyed, broad-minded, able to think for themselves, fearless for the truth and full of human sympathy, prophets in their day and generation. Two things at least are required of Christian ministers in these days. They must be good mixers and when they try to defend and expound the Christian faith they must know what they are talking about. The Church of the future will have no use for men who have been brought up in blinkers, whether theological or denominational. They must have the best training, but the object of that training must not be simply the provision of a certain intellectual equipment, but to make them at once men of God and men of the world. And it must be thoroughly understood that the devotional life is apt to become very artificial unless it is kept in close touch with the needs of the outer world. The purely intensive cultivation of the devout life may easily produce more prigs than saints. It is to the theological colleges we must look for teachers who are to teach the teachers in the

new outlook on religious education. Dr. L. Richmond Wheeler has a penetrating article on 'Co-operation for Existence', in which he declares that there is no historic or biological excuse for artificial leagues and unions based upon the fiction of equality between nations, big or small, progressive or otherwise, many of which have contributed little in blood, intelligence or even material gifts for the freedom of the world; nor for 'new orders' based upon violence and fraud. But there is biological justification for co-operation among nations and for international fellowships based on common ideals and service. Hamilton Fyfe is interesting on 'Why is Man Unhappy?' in a clever, critical survey that leads nowhere. Sir John Pollock has a strong reply to a previous article by Hamilton Fyfe on 'France'. Two of the Reviews are outstanding, that by C. E. M. Joad on 'The Confessions of an Octogenarian', and that by L. P. Jacks on 'The Screwtape Letters'.

Religion in Education (July). — The Editor contributes a reasoned article on the Dual System of control in schools and stresses the opportunity now given of resolving the differences that exist and the provision of a scheme that will command general approval. W. G. DeBurgh, of Oxford, writes of Faith and Reason, showing that they are complementary and essential to each other. Miss D. Batho seeks to explain religious terms, contending that Theology has its own technical vocabulary which it is reasonable to accept. She emphasizes that much Biblical language was never meant to be taken literally and that human language is inadequate to convey religious truth. The article by Rev. R. A. Edwards claims that the use of the Authorized Version in schools is a deadening tyranny and should be superseded by a translation in sincere modern English. Dr. Grensted, in his second study of God, deals with The Son and argues that education must be Christocentric if it is to be effective. The experiment at a Bournemouth school in meeting the challenge thrown out by the problem of Christian education is summarized by D. A. G. Muir and the findings of the conference between parents and teachers are significant. Miss Avery continues her valuable lesson notes on the New Testament. Reviews of and notes on new books complete a good number.

International Review of Missions (July). — Dr. K. S. Latourette considers the fact of recessions in the tide of Christian advance, which throws light on the losses which the Church has suffered throughout its history. Dr. Nicol Macnicol makes some significant deductions from his experience as a missionary. He found the argumentative approach to non-Christians ineffective. We must reveal Christ in life as well as word and cultivate a fellowship. E. M. Holding discusses Women's Institutions in the African Church and urges a patient and detailed study of them as a factor in the solution of difficult problems. H. S. Scott writes an authoritative and much needed statement on the Christian Churches and the colour bar. T. C. Young emphasizes the importance of Christian literature in the light of Tambaram. In an informing article J. Hardiman expounds the relations between government and religions in the Dutch East Indies. A topical theme is presented by Dr. B. W. E. Gramberg on the Batak Church in Fiery Trials. Robert S. Harrison contends that, despite opinions to the contrary, the evangelistic European missionary is still needed in China. The Christian Problem in Burma, an article by A. C. Hanna, written before the Japanese invasion, reveals the poor reception that Missions have had from the self-satisfied and self-confident people there. It is significant that most progress has been made among non-Burmans. Another article on Africa is written by N. Langford Smith, who thinks that much native opposition might be eliminated if we understood their customs better. A biographical sketch on the great Norwegian missionary Skrefsrud is contributed by W. J. Culshaw. (October). — Dr. W. Paton, the Editor, opens the issue

with a statesmanlike essay on the future of the missionary enterprise. He calls us not merely to understand but to watch and pray. His idea is continued by Dr. K. S. Latourette in an article on Missions and Wars, showing that faith has made mighty advances in such times. Nadejda Gorodetzky, of the Russian Orthodox Church, shows the remarkable missionary expansion of his native Church. Africa, as in previous issues, is well represented by R. J. B. Moore's paper on the Development of the Conception of God in Central Africa, in which he shows that the indigenous beliefs are being incorporated in the presentation of the Gospel. Charlotte B. Deforest outlines the history of Missionary Girls' Schools in Japan and believes that the devolution now complete will be a crucial test of the work done. Dr. jur. Heinz Golzen relates Christianity to the International Order and shows the far-reaching importance of Christianity in the making of a new world order. Norman J. Blow pleads for a doctrine of the Church as a basis for effective work in the future. The half-forgotten eighteen million Indians in Latin America have a champion in Professor Eugene A. Nida, of the Camp Wycliffe linguistic institute, who urges the translation of the Bible into their dialects. In both these issues the reviews and bibliographies are excellent.

AMERICAN

The Harvard Theological Review (April, 1942).—Professor Campbell Bonner, of the University of Michigan, which has recently acquired a small collection of engraved stones, writes about one of these in the light of a similar haematite in Copenhagen. Why should the figure of Aeolus, the majestic Lord of the Winds in the *Odyssey*, be engraved on these small stones? It is shown that these were amulets to guard the wearer against colic! A far more dignified theme is the subject of R. M. Grant's article, 'The Fourth Gospel and the Church', in which the writer attempts to explain the comparatively late date at which St. John's Gospel won acceptance as canonical. With all its learning the article is highly subjective and shows how strong is the impression left by B. W. Bacon's critical methods in certain circles of American scholarship. J. S. Bixler considers 'Two Questions raised by William James's Essay on "The Moral Equivalent of War"'. A valuable article is that by H. A. Wolfson, 'Philo on Free Will'. As Philo is attracting a great deal of attention at the present time we are glad to know that this is one of six chapters on Philo 'in a larger work dealing with the history of an integrated group of philosophic problems from Plato to Spinoza'. (July, 1942).—Mr. Harold Mattingly, of the British Museum, contributes a fascinating essay on 'The Later Paganism', in which he shows what it was which gave such vitality to the Roman religion which only slowly yielded to its Christian rival, and also what there was in the new religion — 'some fresh hope of life, some fresh living impulse, some intuition of a "Beloved Society" of the future, where men would spend themselves in service of the race' — which transcended the common ground which Christianity shared with Roman imperialism. America is the fertile soil in which the rank growth of absurd religious cults flourish. Mr. M. H. Canon gives an introduction to 'The Mormon Declaration of Rights', with the text of this curious document in full and some illuminating footnotes. Mr. Graham Frisbee, starting from F. H. Bradley's assertion that the 'asserter of an imperfect God is, whether he knows it or not, face to face with a desperate task or a forlorn alternative', offers a penetrating criticism of the position taken up by Dr. F. R. Tennant in his *Philosophical Theology*. Johannes Quasten, of the Catholic University of America, supplies an interesting study of a rite in the Eastern Liturgy which Theodore of Mopsuestia expounds in two sermons on Baptism (published for the first time in 1933 by the late Dr. A. Mingana). The 'Exorcism of the Cilicium', in which the candidate for Baptism stood barefoot upon sackcloth, is examined and related to a similar rite of which we have evidence in the churches of Africa and Spain.

Studies in Philology (Vol. XXXIX. April 1942, No. 2). — This sumptuous American quarterly from the University of North Carolina Press is redolent of an age of peace and plenty, a leisured age, that seems incredibly remote to Europeans involved in a desperate struggle for mere survival.

This number, devoted to Renaissance Studies, contains ten articles averaging more than eighteen pages apiece, and a valuable select bibliography of recent (1940-41) Renaissance literature, comprising more than fifteen hundred items, English, French, German, Italian, Neo-Latin and Spanish. (Neo-Latin means Medieval or Renaissance Latin.) No less than fifty-eight learned journals in half a dozen languages are laid under contribution.

In view of the comprehensive nature of the Bibliography, and the modest share of England in the Renaissance, it is surprising that practically the whole contents of this volume deal with English rather than Continental themes.

It is impossible in a short notice even to hint at the manifold and curious interest of this journal. To English readers it will be another proof of the insatiable zest of American students, the resources of American libraries and the fruitfulness of organized co-operative research.

Not only are we supplied with the titles and tables of contents of all books of note, but also with references to any important reviews of these books, with details of magazine, date and writer all complete.

It is truly astonishing!

The methodical filing and indexing which are supposed to guarantee the efficiency of up-to-date commercial establishments have invaded the study.

At this rate, theses will continue to multiply, there will be a bumper harvest of Ph.D.s, and nobody will dare to practise letters until he has served a punishing apprenticeship to card-indexing and the mechanical paraphernalia of office routine.

Literature will become organized, learning a trade, scholarship a drill, and books an incubus. The age of the Scribes will supersede that of the Prophets.

Lord Rosebery, appalled at the multiplication of books, magazines and newspapers in England, hoped that temporary relief might be obtained by the deliberate burning of the British Museum. Alas! the B.M. also is a vested interest. For when Providence in the guise of the blitz threatened the merciful obliteration of this overwhelming accumulation of printed matter, the bulk of the books were removed to safety in subterranean caverns, to await reinstallation with the return of peace. In this respect the war will have been in vain.

What a joy this journal would have been to a bookworm like Isaac D'Israeli! It would have kept him happy and out of mischief for weeks. Let no man despise erudition. To keep men content and harmlessly occupied is no mean achievement.

It is clear that the multiplication of colleges and libraries is breeding a vast horde of people with active minds and studious tastes. Few of them are inspired with any sense of mission. Some sort of safety-valve must be contrived. Now there are two outlets for the cerebral energy of the intelligentsia — one is political activity, the other erudite research. Who can doubt which is the lesser evil? The former may be, often has been, fatal; the latter is, at the worst, futile.

Evidently a new race of readers is springing up. Formerly footnotes were considered an irritating distraction. Nowadays great writers like Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser and Milton are chiefly esteemed because their works engender an inexhaustible crop of notes. These notes, often spreading over half the page, are meat and drink to the academic investigator. An interesting evening can be imagined with Shakespeare, Marlowe, Ben Jonson and the rest at the old Mermaid, discussing their annotators.

Among the critical articles, we may signalize as specially attractive to English readers 'Bodin's *Methodus* in England before 1625', 'Shakespeare's Development as

a Dramatist in the Light of his Experience', and 'The Arctic Voyages of William Barents in probable relation to certain of Shakespeare's Plays' (illustrated by quaint sixteenth-century pictures of polar exploration). One paper deals with Spenser, four with Shakespeare, and one, full of curious learning, with Milton and the Encyclopaedias of Science.

The Journal of Religion (April and July). — The April issue has two historical studies — the first by Dr. J. Trachtenberg on the Folk Element in Judaism, the second by Dr. B. L. Burkhardt on the Rise of the Christian Priesthood. Modern thought is represented by the article from Dr. G. Vlastos, continuing his study of the Religious Foundation of Democracy, in which he shows that Liberty is impossible without Equality. Thought and action in Religious Living is an important essay by Professor R. L. Calhoun, in which he considers the vital question: 'Will the life of reason be destroyed by the modern devotion to the gods of Power?' Dr. P. Weiss discusses the Sources of the Idea of God. The July issue maintains the high standard of the Journal. Professor E. W. Lyman sums up the significance of William James in a worthy centenary article. B. Miller, a parish priest, contributes a suggestive article on Mythological Naturalism. Professor J. T. McNeill writes on the doctrine of the Church in Reformed Theology in the sixteenth century. In these days his article is relevant and important. In a case study of Psychopathology, the exploration of the Inner World, Professor A. T. Boisen throws light on the problem of sin and salvation. The other outstanding contribution is a remarkable one by C. F. Nesbitt, An Inquiry into the Physical Health of Jesus. The critical reviews are a fine feature of this quarterly and a good index to current American thought.

Quarterly World Review (J. K. Smit, January, 1942). — This remarkable quarterly gives a survey of liberty and the ways by which liberty has been achieved by the nations. It provides a series of well-produced facsimiles of the Charters of Freedom throughout the Western World, both the continents of Europe and America. These documents are presented in detail and their significance emphasized. This issue is one of great value for its authoritative statements and brings within one cover a mass of most useful reference material. It is so far up to date as to include the great statements of President Roosevelt up to December 1941.

a
t
r
-

l
l
s
s
t
r
-
s
r
t
.
y
a
.
-
n
o

e
d
of
.
s
r
t

INDIANAPOLIS

THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY

LONDON QUARTERLY AND HOLBORN REVIEW

EDITOR: LESLIE F. CHURCH, B.A., Ph.D.

OCTOBER, 1942

Price 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

The Social Application of the Gospel Ethic
Evangelical Religion in Buddhism and Christianity
Unseasonable Truth
The Closing of the Heavens
Religion under the Stars
The Nature of Love
The Welmar Boswell
The Revolt against Sectarianism
Matthew Arnold To-day
The Crown of the Year

Frederick A. M. Spencer, D.D.

E. L. Allen (Lecturer in Theology, Durham University)

F. Brompton Harvey

J. Parson Millem, B.Sc., Ph.D.

W. L. Doughty, B.A., B.D.

E. B. Storr

F. H. Lowther

James Mackay

T. B. Shepherd, M.A., Ph.D.

F. B. Clogg, M.A., B.D.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

The Message of a Nineteenth-Century Patriot for To-day
William Carey, Pioneer Missionary

Harry Escott, M.A.

Ernest Phillips, M.B.E.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Stalligrade of the Soul—The Better World—An Important Discovery

Leslie F. Church, B.A., Ph.D.

W. E. Farndale

MINISTERS IN COUNCIL

RECENT LITERATURE; PERIODICAL LITERATURE

LONDON
EPWORTH PRESS
EDGAR C. BARTON
25-26 CITY ROAD E.C.1

The London Quarterly and Holborn Review

LITERATURE HISTORY SOCIOLOGY
RELIGION THEOLOGY PHILOSOPHY

Editor: LESLIE F. CHURCH, B.A., Ph.D.

Advisory Council:

EDGAR C. HARTON

WILBERT F. HOWARD, M.A.,
D.D.

ARCHIBALD W. HARRISON,
M.C., B.A., B.Sc., D.D.

W. LANSDALE WARDLE, M.A.,
D.

The London Quarterly and Holborn Review is published on the 25th of March, June, September, and December by the Epworth Press, 25-26, City Road, London, E.C.1. It may be obtained from the publishers or any bookseller and from all Methodist ministers at 2s. 6d. a copy (postage 3d.) or 10s. per annum, post free.

All contributions (typewritten, if possible), should be addressed to The Editor, 'The London Quarterly and Holborn Review', 25-26, City Road, E.C.1, with stamped addressed envelope for return in case of non-acceptance.

Britain's first care — THE CHILDREN!



Boys and girls are the nation's most valuable asset. In caring for nearly four thousand of those who are orphaned and destitute, the National Children's Home is doing work of the highest national importance.

In these perilous days the Children's Home has the added responsibility of keeping its big family safe. Thousands of pounds have been spent on Air-raid Precautions. There never was a time when your co-operation was needed so much. Please send your gift to-day.

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME

(Founded by Dr. Stephenson, 1869)

Chief Office: HIGHBURY PARK, LONDON, N.3

